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# Impressions of a Careless Traveler

*By*

LYMAN ABBOTT

UC-NRLF



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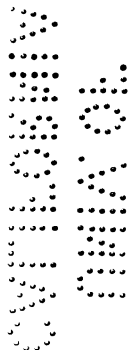




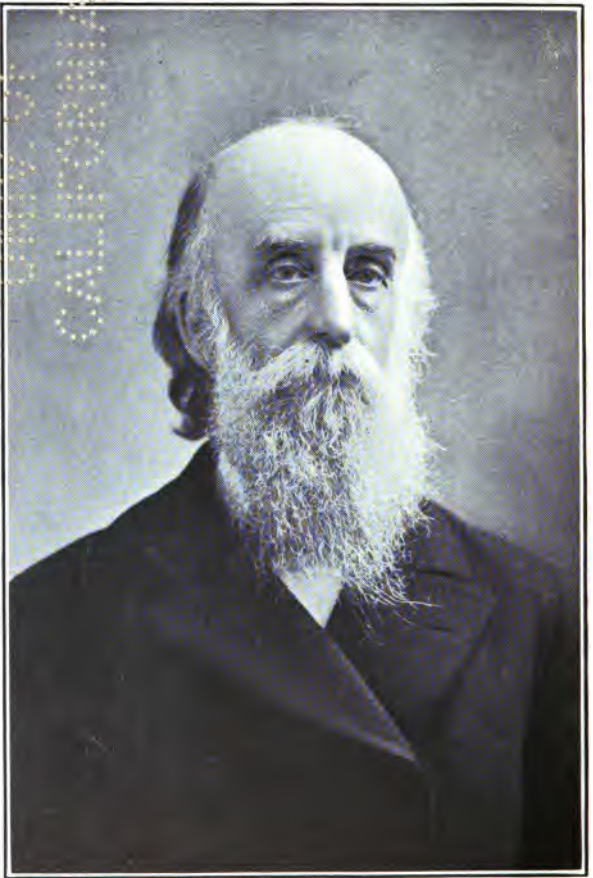
*N. G. U. Hinds*

**IMPRESSIONS OF  
A CARELESS TRAVELER**









*Lyman Abbott*

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TO VIRU  
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I

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

March 4, 1902

"**I** AM going to Europe not to improve my mind." This remark of a college professor made to me several years ago I have adopted as the motto for the six months' vacation trip in Europe which I have decided to take. I shall leave my books and my pen at home. I will only take writing material sufficient for an occasional letter to friends, and not a great deal even of that. I will not study art, or architecture, or politics, or literature; not even the geography of the lands I visit, nor the manners and customs of the people. I will not observe; I will only see what chance and inclination combine to put before my eyes; nor reflect on what I see, unless idle musing on pleasant scenes may be dignified by the term reflection. For these six months I will take the harness off my mind altogether, and let it run at will in new pastures. I will be conscientiously idle. The itinerary we have selected gives excellent opportunity for such idle-

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ness. I have taken passage on the Prinzessin Victoria Luise. She sails from New York March 12, and touches at Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Nice, Palermo, and Constantinople, spending from one to three days at each port; then goes on into the Black Sea, where she makes a fortnight's tour, giving an opportunity to see a little of the Caucasus and something of the Crimea; returning, lands at Athens, Naples, Algiers, Lisbon, and Southampton, and ends her voyage at Hamburg. But we shall leave her at Naples, for a spring visit of a few weeks in Italy, and then—then what we may choose for the remainder of a six months' vacation. Six weeks on board a steamer! For at least three months a "globe-trotter"! I never should have suspected it of myself.

March 23

Madeira: the White Mountains putting their heads above a vast watery plain; Mount Washington clothed with green from the water which laves its feet to its summit; white houses sprinkled all over it from its base to its top; a town of considerable size gathered at its base—something such was the picture which greeted my eyes on Saturday morning when the steward knocked at at our door and said, "Six o'clock," and I jumped

up and looked out of our porthole. Before I am quite dressed the ship has come to anchor and a babel of voices comes up to us from outside—base, tenor, shrill falsetto, as though a vehement and turbulent boy choir were letting off at once all the notes of which their various voices were capable. We hurry on deck—alas! the pen cannot put into one sentence the various views my eye took in in one vision: the mountain, the vineyards, the city, the scattered houses, the old fort, the anchored coal-barges—this for a background; and for a foreground a fleet of rowboats, from which men with wicker baskets, men with all manner of indescribable needlework, men with canes, men with photographs, come climbing up the vessel's side, converting the deck into a bazaar.

But they are of secondary interest. Boats with men and boys in them, as much at home in the water as on land, calling, jabbering, gesticulating; throw down a copper—no one stirs for it; throw down a bit of silver, it has hardly reached the water before one of them has dived into the water after it—and not once does he fail to catch it in his grasp and bring it to his boat. Little boys ten or twelve years old, shivering in the morning air; grown men gesticulating; all vehement, voluble, clamorous; pushing against each other's

boats, but never quarreling, always good-natured, jolly-faced; as eager as if it were all business, as smiling as if it were all fun. If one catches the customer's eye and the silver is thrown, no one else darts for it. Occasionally a boy climbs monkey-like up the side of the vessel, strikes a bargain with some gentleman, and dives from the taffrail of the upper deck; one fellow sprawls awkwardly enough as he goes down, and for an instant I half turn away—no! he is kicking so wildly only to keep his perpendicular, and he strikes the water head on, straight and safe. One man attracts my attention by his extraordinary gesticulations; some one on board understands him, strikes a bargain, I know not how, and in an instant he is out of his boat and is diving down under the steamer to come up on the other side. Two men make in similar fashion a bargain, put the contents of their boat in the boat of a companion, take their places on the side of their own boat, and over it goes with them under it. There they stay, and we hear above the general babel their voices singing a song, their heads, of course, being in the air-chamber made by the overturned boat resting on the water; now one appears, leaving the other under; the former climbs up on the bottom of the boat, and over and over it revolves in the wate

under his muscular exertions, revealing his companion clinging to it in some mysterious way with his hands and his toes, and submerged in the water during the half-dozen revolutions. Put this paragraph into one sentence; see all at a glance: only so is it possible to get the compound and complicated picture.

Now we have had breakfast and are off, pulled by two lusty oarsmen to the shore. Now we are on the wharf, saluted by guides, importuned by beggars, offered flowers by boys, invited by bullock-sledge men. Some of my companions are impressed by the adhesiveness of the guides; I am impressed by their gentlemanly behavior. I have but to turn, shake my head, say positively and courteously, "No! I thank you," and the importuning guide touches his hat and leaves me. Why should he not accompany me until I have answered his questioning? What is this? A row of bullock sledges waiting for customers. What is a bullock sledge? A rather small Yankee ox-sled; hitched to it a yoke of decidedly diminutive oxen; on the ox-sled a wickerwork or wooden body like that of a hackney coach, with the two seats facing each other; over it a curtained canopy—though occasionally one is seen without a cover. A boy precedes the oxen, leading them. He carries what



looks like a primitive dust-brush in his hand, reputed to be intended to drive away the flies—though I never saw it used. Accompanying the team is a man with a long stick like an overgrown goadstick, presumptively used to urge the oxen forward, but I never saw that used either. And yet there was once occasion for it. We overtook a team toiling slowly up a hill. Some hand luggage and one lady were in the sledge; the rest of the passengers—English—were walking. We passed them, and then, either to get well out of their way, or to show what we could do, or in pure fun, we started on a dead run, the man shouting, the boy responding, the bullocks capering like young colts, and boy and man looking back to answer our laughter with their own—all of us, riders, driver, boy and oxen, in a frolic together; but never a use of the goadstick. Local customs generally have a local reason; it is so in this case. There are a few wheeled carriages in Funchal, but on these steep hills the sledge is safer and, I should think, more comfortable; and as to speed, why be in a hurry—in Madeira? The man is also necessary, not to drive the patient, docile oxen, which follow the boy without hesitation, but to hold the sledge back in going down the steep hills and prevent it from slewing on the sharp corners.

I presently engage a driver for the hour at two Portuguese shillings (thirty cents) per hour, and we are off—first to the Portuguese cemetery, to which a certain picturesqueness is lent by the almost tropical vegetation, and a certain quaintness by the habit of putting the photograph of the dead upon the gravestone; then to the American consul, who receives my letter with respect and myself with geniality, and gives our driver some directions where to drive; then to the fruit market, but it is too late in the day to see it in its glory, and I doubt whether the glory was ever much; then across rocky ravines, through crooked and sometimes crowded streets, generally without sidewalks, over pavements made of fine stones often polished smooth by the sledges, up steep hills, down steep hills to—stop a minute, driver!

Do Americans leave their grounds and gardens and front yards open for inspection, sometimes without even a fence about them, from a spirit of comradeship and good will, or is it because we like to have our neighbors see how well we are dressed? Do the Portuguese hide their gardens behind high stone or brick walls because they wish seclusion, or is it because they do not care to share their gardens with the stranger? Whatever the cause, the walls are high and impene-

trable, with no hint of the beauty behind them except an occasionally opened gate or the vines which have climbed up and are looking over the wall, as if to say, "Come in here and see what I have to show you." We had stopped at one wall where this silent invitation was especially pressing, and the Matron wished to examine the peculiar vine more closely with her glass. A gentleman was standing with a lady at the open gate; and almost immediately he came out and invited us in. The Matron hesitated. I did not. This was what I wanted above all things to see—the interior of one of these mysteriously hidden gardens of a private house. He spoke no English and I no Portuguese; but we made out to tell each other that we were respectively North Americans and Brazilians. What a wealth of flowers! What a view!—the ocean below us; the city of Funchal at our feet, its mysterious gardens now open to our vision; the vineyard-clad mountain rising behind us and at our side.

That capped the climax of our Funchal experience. Luncheon at the hotel and wandering through the shops completed the afternoon; and at four o'clock to the minute we weighed anchor and started out to sea once more.

March 25

What most impressed me about Gibraltar was not Gibraltar but the snow-capped mountains opposite. Africa and mountains! Africa and snow-capped mountains! Of course I had read of the Pillars of Hercules, and knew that Gibraltar had his twin opposite. Of course I knew that all northern Africa was not sandy desert. And yet I could not believe my eyes. No! These are not clouds resting on the top of the hills; they are snow-caps on the mountains. What is it, I wonder, that always so stirs me in the view of mountains? Other landscapes I forget, or carry in my memory only as a blurred photograph. But the mountains—the Camden hills seen from Penobscot Bay, the Mount Desert range seen from the ocean, the White Mountain range seen from Fryeburg, Pike's Peak from Colorado Springs, Mont Blanc from Chamounix, the Langdale Pikes in Westmoreland—shall I ever forget them? Coming to this range of African mountains from the sea, it greets me like an apparition of an old friend in an unexpected place. While the rest of the passengers are crowding the larboard side to watch Gibraltar, I come back again and again to the view of the African mountains on the opposite side.

As to Gibraltar itself, the whole world is familiar with its portrait, and the portraits are very good. The guide-book had awakened apprehensions about the disagreeable features of landing. "Harbor boats as per tariff affixed, according to distance from shore. If some way out, a bargain is necessary, driven with an air of absolute indifference about going to shore at all." But we were not indifferent, and I do not know how to assume an air of false pretense—hence my apprehensions. In fact, a tug steamed up; we all went on board, and each paid his two shillings for landing and reëmbarking again. When we reached the dock, I caught the infection of the general folly, and rushed with other passengers for a vehicle. The law of demand and supply was straightway invoked by the cabmen, who demanded \$4 for a service for which by their tariff they were entitled to \$2. My cabman agreed on \$3.25, to which I later added another twenty-five cents because he was so accommodating. I do not begrudge the money, but I hate to bargain. Another time I would calmly walk up into the town, and, after all the competing passengers had gone, would take a vacant cab at tariff rate, or go without one—that is, if I were alone, or with travelers who were good walkers.

Gibraltar is a rock fourteen hundred feet high, absolutely precipitous on one side, nearly so on the other, honeycombed with tunnels and rock-cut paths, and with holes such as gigantic swallows might dig in a sand-bank; from these latter cannon peep out. This enormous human ant-hill has a population of six thousand men to hold it against imaginary foes, and provision for seven years to withstand an imaginary siege. It is morally certain that no enemy can ever succeed in taking it from Great Britain, and it is difficult to see what he would do with it if he did take it. It costs Great Britain a good bit of money, and it pays her nothing but harbor dues and a gratified vanity. "But," said my deck companion, "it gives Great Britain control of the commerce of the Mediterranean. No ship can enter the sea against Great Britain's will." This was very well when nations preyed piratically on one another's commerce and took toll, brigand-like, whenever they could. But we do not do that any longer. And if any power got into war with England, it would attack, not Gibraltar, but Southampton or Liverpool, or her ships upon the sea.

As to the town, it has left a general impression upon my mind of war-ships, street peddlers, soldiers, tourists, laborers, Spaniards, Scotchmen

in kilts, Moors in turbans and long gowns, little donkeys carrying panniers almost as big as themselves, all crowding narrow streets which climb up and down hills, or rather one continuous hill as steep as the roof of a house. At six o'clock we bid good-by to Gibraltar. Our five hours have been quite enough in which to "do" it, and we are sorry for the three homesick girls we have left behind waiting for three days to get an English steamer to Tangier opposite.

March 26

We land in Genoa to-morrow. Nothing to record since Gibraltar except a peaceful sea, a warm sun, a picturesque coast, superb moonlight nights, and a dance last night on deck.

## II

### IN THE NAME OF ART

March 27

**G**ENOA. When I looked out of our port-hole this morning from the steamer moored at the wharf in Genoa, I might easily have imagined that we were lying off a Western town on the bluffs of the Missouri or Mississippi River, so raw, crude, unfinished, did the city appear—a city in the process of making. When I went up on deck, the appearance of the city seen as a whole no longer made this suggestion, and when we went on shore the resemblance disappeared altogether; and at the same time the reason for it was explained. In Genoa new Italy and old Italy are curiously commingled. Genoa is, I believe, Italy's principal seaport, certainly the principal port for the northern portion; and since Italy has become united, and passed out from under Papal and Bourbon control, it has expanded commercially and industrially with a rapidity hardly surpassed by that of one of our own newly settled States. I do not know that it



has progressed in either agriculture or manufactures—perhaps I shall know more by and by; but commercially it has advanced by leaps and bounds. The Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd Companies run in combination a line of steamers to Genoa and Naples; an Italian line of steamers plies between the latter city—perhaps Genoa also—and New York; and Italy divides the local carrying trade of the Mediterranean with France and Austria. Genoa, perhaps more than any other Italian city, has felt the effect of this commercial revolution, following the political revolution which dethroned the Bourbons and the Pope, and united the before jealous Italian States in one kingdom. The harbor of Genoa, with its bustle on the wharves, its incoming and outgoing steamers, its host of smaller craft, all crowded into a much smaller space than is the maritime life in Boston or New York, and so presenting an even greater aspect of maritime activity, furnishes a pictorial demonstration of this commercial development. A scene we saw this morning curiously illustrates one phase of it: a large ocean steamer came in from Brazil bringing a throng of Italians of the laboring class returning from South America. The approaching winter season did not promise them employment there,

so they were returning to spend in their own loved sunny Italy the money which they had made and saved on the Western continent. How it was possible to pack so many human beings into so relatively few cubic feet of space none of us could understand. The steamship looked like a floating beehive, and the Italians on the deck like a swarm of bees. They were presently carried off in small boats, with their queer luggage piled around them, to quarantine, to await the "law's delays" before final landing.

The combination of old and new makes Genoa a city of curious contrasts. Driving through the city, we passed along broad avenues cut through old portions of the city, the hills cut down—for Genoa is built on hills—the valleys filled up, old houses being demolished, new houses going up. We drove in five minutes from new Genoa to old Genoa, and were in streets so narrow that the residents of the upper stories might almost shake hands across the street, and easily can, and I suspect do, carry on gossip with one another; streets bounded by tenements six, eight, or even ten stories in height, the walls ornamented with ancient frescoes, peeping at us from between the articles of the week's wash hung in graceful

festoons from the windows like decorations for a festal day. Now we were in a lane so narrow that there was scarce room for our carriage, which must drive on a walk lest it run over some of the children that swarm out of the crowded tenement; now in an avenue so broad as to give abundant room to the trolley line in the center of the avenue without discommoding the carriages; now we were looking up between the tenements at a narrow strip of blue sky overhead, as we might look up from the bottom of a sunless cañon in Colorado; now we were looking off from a plaza on the brow of one of the encircling hills upon the city below and the harbor around which the city clusters; now we had as street companions half-dressed children and hard, weary-faced women, with colored kerchiefs for head-gear, and short skirts and sometimes ragged and dirty ones; now we had fine ladies reclining at ease in luxurious carriages as they who had never known either work or care, and theatrically appareled nurses with babies as much overdressed in their fluffy garments as their infantile brothers in the poorer quarters were underdressed in their rags and tatters. And yet in it all a certain picturesqueness of color, and, to the stranger, oddity of fashion, which went far to redeem the one

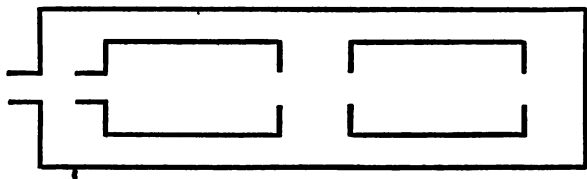
aspect from mere ostentation and the other from mere squalor.

There are palaces and, I believe, some picture galleries in Genoa; but a friend advised me against spending much time in them. "You will see," he said, "better palaces and better picture galleries elsewhere in Italy, and a surfeit of them." We took his advice and passed by the palaces and galleries and show-places—with one exception presently to be mentioned. We had a little shopping to do, some money to exchange, a telegram or two to send, and then we took a carriage and a guide for a sightseeing drive about the city. Guides in cities are my *bête noire*. I am glad I got that guide in Genoa, for he demonstrated the general uselessness of the incumbrance—that is, to a careless tourist who is going to Europe not to improve his mind. He took us to a shop, which doubtless paid him a commission on our purchases; kindly gave us Italian paper money for our gold, whereby, as we afterwards learned, he made a second generous commission; introduced us to a poor restaurant where we got a second-class dinner for a first-class price; from his perch on the box gave us, in very broken English, information which was worth-

less—"This is the palace of Prince A, this the residence of Signor B, this the City Hall, this the Museum, this the Art Gallery," etc., etc.—information which I dropped out of mind before we had turned out of the street in which it was given. He carried us, it is true, to the house in which Columbus was born, or lived, or died, or did something, I forget now what—a house which looked like any other in the row except that it was possibly a trifle smaller and shabbier than the average; and we afterward learned that it was very doubtful whether Columbus ever saw the house or so much as knew of its existence. Then he took us over the hills which environ the city, to the Campo Santo, which we did not need him to find for us, since Baedeker, the all-knowing Baedeker, the friendly Baedeker, the companionable Baedeker, the indispensable Baedeker, had told us all about it, and just how to get there.

This Campo Santo is the burying-place of the city, the cemetery for its dead; and was as interesting as it was, to an American, curious. We drove up to a long, low, square edifice, apparently covering a large extent of ground; left our carriage and passed into a courtyard and thence under an arched gateway, and found ourselves in a series of cloisters inclosing a square, or, to speak

more accurately, a parallelogram, which might contain, at a guess, an acre and a half or two acres of ground. This parallelogram was divided into two yards of, I should guess, equal size by a cloister running across from one side to the other in a fashion something like this rough diagram.



The Campo Santo being built at the foot and on the side of a hill, the cloisters along one side of the parallelogram were on a terrace or embankment, bringing the floor of the cloister and an accompanying chapel to about the level of the roof of the other cloisters. The yards were filled with the graves of the common people; the cloisters with the tombs of the noble and the wealthy. Dives had a tomb, Lazarus a gravestone. These tombs in the cloisters were made the occasion for elaborate groups of statuary. To this extent the Campo Santo of Genoa might be compared with the portion of Westminster Abbey set apart for the burial of the noble dead, but with this very important difference: public authority decides who

may be buried in Westminster Abbey; I judge that any one who can purchase a site and put up a monument of a given size and quality may have a burial in Campo Santo of Genoa.

All show places for the dead are exceedingly distasteful to me; of all show places for the dead that I have ever seen, the Campo Santo of Genoa is the most distasteful. The statuary was interesting, and much of it marvelous in its technique: the lace-work on the robe of the mourning wife or mother who was a favorite figure in the groups was extraordinarily delicate; one might almost take it for real lace. Some of the conceptions embodied were poetic, as, for example, one in which death was represented as itself slain, while the triumphant victor over death rose from the tomb above death's prostrate figure. In one group the ingenious sculptor had, with great skill, employed a device as remarkable in its effect as it was simple in its design. An angel appeared to be upsoaring on extended wing; it stood out from the stone and above the earth, which its feet were not touching. Extraordinary lightness had been given to the figure by the sculptor, and it was not until I gave it a second look that I discovered that the figure was really supported in its place by its gossamer robe of white marble which swept

the ground. And yet, despite all the ingenuity, I found myself wondering, admiring, curious, but untouched. There were two or three simple, unostentatious single figures which had feeling in them; but on most of the groups I found myself looking, not with any emotion of pity or sorrow or hope, but only with curious wonder how the chisel could produce such effects. They were as cold as the marble of which they were made. The mysterious fire of life was not in them. A friend more familiar with modern art than I am tells me that there is no modern Italian art; and after seeing Campo Santo I can well believe her. In the figure of one old man who brought a tiny candle to light and place before one of these tombs there was more pathos than in all the studied attempt of the sculptor's art to interpret the sorrows of life. Even the mechanical ingenuity of the sculptors and the often exquisite delicacy of their work was in many cases robbed of its legitimate effect by the rusty iron wreaths, the unlighted lamps, the empty vases, and the withered flowers which too often stood at the tomb; emblematical of respect for convention and of absolute forgetfulness, not of that tender affection which they were supposed to emblemize, they gave to this sculpture gallery something of the unkempt



appearance which too often disgraces the American village graveyard. The sense of the seriousness of life, the solemnity of death, the tragic disruptions and dislocations which death brings, and the infinite pity of it all which hushes us into silence and makes us speak in whispers before the weather-beaten gravestones in simpler burial-places, were wholly wanting in the exhibitory cloisters of the Campo Santo. In vain were the exclamations of our guide who obligingly told us what to admire. They evoked no response from any of our party.

March 28, Good Friday

We took to-day for a visit to Milan. The Matron remained on the steamer. H——, B——, and two fellow-passengers, with myself, made up the party for the day. The railroad ride of about four hours, climbing a tortuous valley, through more than a score of tunnels, up on to the plains of Lombardy, and over these plains through cultivated fields which did something to answer my questions as to the agricultural prosperity of Italy, though nothing to answer the question how much of this prosperity goes to the farmer, how much in rent to the landlord, and how much in taxes to the Government—brought us at about noon to Milan. The station here furnished us

foreigners with a convenience which I should like to see furnished by our great railroad corporations at their stations in such cities as New York and Chicago. There was an official on the platform in uniform with the word "Interpreter" on his cap. On applying to him for information I found him to be an official of the road put there to give aid to just such ignorant travelers as myself. He told us how to go to the Cathedral, what car to take, how to get from there to the church containing Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," how long it would take us, and what time our return train to Genoa left, and did not disdain a modest "tip," which amounted to considerably less than the carriage-fare which his information saved us. I had been prepared by a friend to be disappointed in the Cathedral, but was even more disappointed than I had expected to be. B—— says it reminds her of a frosted wedding-cake, but I wonder if that is because the architect of Milan Cathedral took the wedding-cake for his model, or because the architects of the wedding-cakes have taken Milan Cathedral for their model. As an orator should lead the hearer up through all the successive steps of his oration to a climax, as the novel should conduct the reader through all its plotting and counterplotting to a dénouement, so

I suspect the ideal cathedral should carry the mind of the spectator to its artistic culmination. Milan Cathedral is an oration without a climax, a novel without a dénouement, an edifice without a culmination. Its façade is squatty; a Gothic façade should soar, that of Milan waddles; the spire is not even visible from the front of the Cathedral, and is relatively insignificant from whatever point it is seen. Within the Cathedral this criticism is no longer applicable. The pillars are supports for statuary of heroic size; each pillar is a stanza, combined they are a poem; each pillar is a strain of music, combined they are an orchestral harmony.

But neither painting, literature, music, nor architecture is so impressive as life; I shall never forget the impression one little incident in the Milan Cathedral produced upon me. In front of the steps leading up to the chancel, on a sort of stone bed or platform raised to about the height of an ordinary writing-table above the floor, lay an iron cross with an iron figure of the Saviour extended upon it. There was absolutely nothing artistic, nothing worthy of a second glance, in this crucifix. It was as absolutely commonplace and conventional as ecclesiastical stupidity inspiring mechanical drudgery

could design and execute. But in the eyes of the Italian worshipers, mainly women, it stood for something, I know not what. They came, looked at it, kissed it on the feet, or side, or brow, with a kiss as carelessly conventional as the handshake of fashionable ladies at an afternoon tea. I was looking at this scene with curious interest, speculating on the relation of this ceremonial to genuine religion, and, with, I am afraid, a tinge of pharisaic Protestantism, wondering how this spiritual etiquette, if it could be designated by so large a name, was regarded by Him who was the supposed object of the supposed adoration, when a boy of perhaps eight or nine years of age approached the table. He was so small that he had a little difficulty in reaching the crucifix with his lips. But in his devotion there was nothing careless, nothing conventional. He kissed the image again and again, on the breast, the brow, the lips, passionately, as a boy of deep and demonstrative emotion might have kissed the loved mother if she lay before him on her couch in death. And then, with one long, lingering look of love, he turned away, and I turned too, not meaning that the beauty of that scene should be spoiled by the irreverent kisses of a superficial if not pseudo piety. What will be the history of that boy, I wonder?

Will he grow up to be a second Savonarola? Italy surely needs one. She will not listen to Protestants; but she would listen eagerly to a sincere, an earnest, a devout, a genuinely pious, and a genuinely patriotic Roman Catholic; and though piety and patriotism are just now at sword's points in Italy, they need not be. Or will he become a second Francis of Assisi, remaining in the Church, loving the Church, devoted to the Church, loyal to the institutions of the Church, and wearing his heart out in an endeavor to fill their fountains with something of the life which they once possessed? Or will he enter the priesthood to become a mere mechanician, and look back with a fine cynical scorn on the youthful enthusiasms which, had they been kept alive, might have made a martyr of him, but certainly would have made a man of him? Or will the action of his passionate nature against the formalism which surrounds him sweep him out and away from the Church, and from all institutional religion, until not only all his acquaintances but he also will think himself to be an infidel, for no other reason than that he believes so intently?

Presently we went up on to the roof, and the roof of Milan Cathedral is a wonderful gallery of statuary; it is scarcely an exaggeration to say

that there is no place where a niche could be put that there is not a niche; and it is, I think, literally true that there is not a niche, however small, that is not occupied by a statue; nor a pinnacle—and the roof is forested with pinnacles—that is not elaborately carved, if not also capped by a statue. The detail is beyond all description exquisite. The architect has reveled in statues, and, where statues are impossible, in delicate carvings and traceries. But the roof of a cathedral is not the place for a gallery of sculpture; on the roof of Milan Cathedral this beauty is not merely lost, but it is out of place; and beauty out of place is not artistic. The most beautiful thing, however, to be seen from the roof of the Milan Cathedral is not its flying buttresses, exquisite traceries, and innumerable statuettes—it is the panorama of the snow-capped Alps, with Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the summits of the St. Gothard Pass all in view in clear weather, which fortunately we had.

From the Cathedral we drove to the church made famous by the picture of the Last Supper which Leonardo da Vinci has painted on the walls of the refectory of the adjoining monastery. Said a wise friend to me before I sailed, "Do not let any one persuade you into passing by Leonardo da

Vinci's 'Last Supper' because it is worn and faded." I am very glad I took his counsel. The colors are faded, and, as every one who has seen photographs of it knows, it is dimmed and broken by the wear of time. Some idiot has cut a door through the picture — happily, however, it breaks only into the lower and less important part. But the grouping and attitude and much of the facial expression remain. I have long been persuaded that truth, reality, sincerity—call it what one will, so long as it is not called realism—is the first condition of art, as it is of oratory, of literature, of conversation, of everything. But never has this fundamental principle been more borne in upon me, as the Quakers say, than in looking at this fresco, which, in spite of all that time and ill-usage have done to destroy it, still preserves this note of sincerity, which distinguishes it from so much of the conventional in the so-called religious art of the Middle Ages. While we were sitting in silence looking at this picture, and I was carried back by it to that real supper with its revelation of the traitor in the very heart of the church, a Cook party burst into the room with its glib guide to descant on the picture, to point out the Apostles, and give the usual routine information as to date and artist and object and what not. H——, who

is much more afraid of a Cook party than she would be of a hornet's nest, fled incontinently; she could hardly have disappeared more suddenly if she had gone down through a trap door in the floor; and we promptly followed. An official guide and "The Last Supper" constitute the very climax of incongruity.



### III

#### INFERNO

March 30

**T**WO friends, each of whom had spent several weeks on the Riviera, tried to describe it to me before I sailed from America, and I have no doubt they did; and yet I realize to-day that I knew nothing about it. Yesterday, from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, we were sailing along the coast from Genoa in Italy to Nice in France, just across the Italian border; all day sun and cloud and sea and sky and cliff and distant mountain have combined in a glory of color so great that the eye grew weary from the intensity of attention which they demanded. I cannot hope to fix this evanescent glory in my mind; all I can do here is to record the outline, in hope that in future days it may recall to me the dimmed and blurred and broken picture of the reality—something that will be to the splendor of the processional pictures what Leonardo da Vinci's fresco is to-day as compared with the original as he painted

it. It was as if the Highlands of the Hudson and the Catskill Mountains should be transferred to Long Island and placed along the coast from Montauk Point to Coney Island, and behind them should be reared the White Mountains, with here and there a towering summit like that of Pike's Peak clad in snow. Some of these highlands along the shore rise from the water's edge in perpendicular cliffs, others slope upward in grass-covered hillsides, steep but not absolutely inaccessible; on every plateau like that of West Point is a town of considerable size; on all the hillsides and in the ravines are villages clinging, as a fellow-passenger expressed it to me, by their fingers to shelves in the rocks, or climbing up in terraced steps the steep sides of the precipitous hills. Vineyards and gardens, modern villas and ancient ruined castles, palatial residences and quaint churches and chapels, are scattered all along this coast, over these hills, in all manner of impossible places. Some of the cliffs are of naked rock—steep, precipitous, colored in grays and browns and reds; others are rounded, and clad in luxuriant green; others are covered with groves of olive, with their grotesque stems, and evergreens sturdy and defiant, and still others with fig, orange, and lemon trees; over yet others an

embroidered garment of flowers is thrown, making the shore, seen from the deck of our steamer, as though a fragment of a rainbow had dropped upon the hillside and abode there. For a hundred miles or more this panorama extends with perpetual variations in the cathedral-like architecture of the cliffs and hills, in the man-made architecture of the villas, castles, palaces, churches, villages, and in the draperies furnished by grove and vine and grass and flowers. Such is the Riviera as we saw it yesterday in our sail from Genoa to Nice.

There are three ways of seeing the Riviera—from the sea, from the carriage road, from the train. We have had a little of all three, enough to make comparison possible; and the view from the sea is incomparably the best. The railroad runs along the coast, under the cliffs and often in tunnels through them; one looks from the Riviera upon the sea, but gets only just enough glimpses up the ravines of the beauty of the coast to be tantalizing. The carriage road runs far up on the cliffs, sometimes on the top of the hills. One looks down on the scene of the beauty, with the sea far below; but the distant snow-capped mountains are hid by the intervening hills on the one side, and the precipitous cliffs and terraced hill-

sides are too much beneath to be adequately seen upon the other. Perhaps it was because my friends had been on the Riviera looking off, and I had been on the deck of a steamer looking on, that their account gave me no conception of yesterday's stately procession of beauty. I do not expect ever to see another such picture gallery.

There is an agent of Thomas Cook & Sons on board. I am told by a fellow-passenger that he is a graduate of Dublin University; from his intelligence and carriage the report seems very reasonable, for he is a man of general information and of cultivation. He arranges for shore trips which we can take or not, as we like. If we accept his provision, we pay him a fixed price, he pays all bills, and we go where we are sent. For ladies traveling alone, and for those to whom the study of guide-books, the prospective arrangement of a shore excursion, and the management of it are a bore, the Cook excursion is a decided advantage. As I enjoy the study of guide-books, the arrangement of a prospective excursion, the hunting up of sights and shops and restaurants, and the struggling with storekeepers and waiters who speak only in an unknown tongue, and, as our party prefer to accept whatever inconvenience

or loss they may sometimes suffer from going alone to traveling in a caravan of a hundred or more of fellow-sight-seers, we have simply bought of Cook our embarking and landing tickets, and taken care of ourselves on shore.

We came to anchor at Villefranche about four o'clock. Villefranche is called the harbor of Nice, though it is hardly more than an open roadstead. Nice is five or six miles to the westward, Monte Carlo is twelve miles or more to the eastward. Before we came to anchor in the offing we saw a fleet of rowboats coming out to meet us; as soon as we were anchored they clustered about us, like hacks about a railroad train when it arrives at an American town—with this difference, that there was no clamor of voices from competing boatmen. We were the victims of a very convenient monopoly, and very glad I was of it. Most of the boats had a Cook flag flying in their bow; I had Cook's tickets in my pocket. We took our turn, went at our leisure quietly down the ladder, got into the boat, as soon as it was full started for the shore a mile or so distant, while another boat came to the ladder for the next load. There was no bargaining, except that five minutes before we reached the wharf the boatman stopped rowing and ask for a *pourboire*. My American instinct

resents a little this Continental custom of paying an agreed fare and then always adding a tip, but in such matters it is wise when one is in Rome to do as the Romans do, and all Europeans give tips. You give your cabman his fare and a tip; you give the diligence-driver the ticket you have purchased and a tip; you pay your hotel bill to the head waiter, and add a tip; if you are wise and want any special comfort, you hand the guard on the railroad your ticket and a tip. So the boatman was simply acting in accordance with the custom of the country. Some travelers make themselves wretched by protesting silently or openly against the customs of the country in which they are traveling. It is not worth while. One may be a reformer if he chooses; it is not altogether an agreeable, but it is sometimes a very useful, vocation. But to be a grumbler against wrongs which one cannot reform neither adds to one's own happiness nor to that of the world at large. We paid our *pourboire* without a murmur.

A walk of ten minutes along the shore, where the picturesque colored nets were hung out to dry, and fishermen's wives stopped in their mending to look as curiously at us as we at them, brought us to the railroad station; half an hour's ride along the sea brought us to a station at the foot of the

cliff on which Monte Carlo is placed; and a lift in two minutes put us at the top, in as beautiful a park as one could wish to see, a man-made Eden in the heart of scenery which God has made in its combination of sea and mountain indescribably grand. A fellow-passenger confirms my previous impression that Monaco is an independent principality, with a government, a Prince, and a standing army of its own—nothing is lacking but taxes, which are not required, since the gambling license pays all the expenses of this microscopic kingdom. It is independent both of France and Italy, though lying on the border between them; the only reason for its independent existence—if it can be called a reason—being that it furnishes an opportunity to Europeans to gamble to the fullest extent their inclinations prompt and their purses allow, without making either France or Italy responsible in the eyes of mankind for the results. It is further said that a corporation pays the Prince three million dollars a year for the exclusive right to conduct the gambling-hell at Monte Carlo, that he never gambles himself, and that he spends most of his time in Paris living on the proceeds of this profitable industry in which he has no other share than that of a silent or sleeping partner. I am further told that gam-

bling at Monte Carlo is conducted under very strict rules ; that no party is admitted without registering and giving the name, age, and address of a responsible member of the party, and no one who confesses to being under eighteen ; that all gambling stops and lights are out at eleven o'clock at night. That perfect order is habitually maintained in the gambling-rooms was evident from an evening's inspection. If carefully regulating vice converts it into virtue, as some reformers seem to think, gambling at Monte Carlo is as virtuous as gambling can well be—far more so, for example, than that in the Stock Exchanges of our great American cities. The Judge whose acquaintance I have made on board the steamer naïvely remarked to me the other day that a great deal of misinformation could be easily picked up on the deck of a steamer. How much of this report about Monte Carlo is misinformation I do not know ; but I will set it down here now for possible verification hereafter.

As we emerged from the lift upon the park we heard continuous gun shots, and looking over the edge of the cliff we saw a company of men shooting at tame pigeons as they were released from the cages in which they were kept for the purpose of furnishing this unsportsmanlike sport to——



I cannot easily think of any term contemptuous enough to fill that blank. Before the evening was over we had indications that other vices besides that of indolent cruelty flourished in the atmosphere created by the gambling-table. For an hour or more we wandered about the grounds, and very beautiful they were—as beautiful as art and nature combined could make them. But this was true only of the grounds, with their velvety turf and their abundant flowers. The Casino where the gambling is carried on, and the café, restaurants, and hotels which are in the immediate vicinity, are cheap and tawdry in appearance, architecturally scarcely superior to those of our own Brighton Beach. Into one of these restaurants we went for dinner. Our experience there, and information very directly furnished later, fully justified the conclusion of a fellow-passenger that prices are so arranged that if a lucky man carries away a little money from the Casino he shall leave it at the hotels. A very modest dinner of soup, beef, and salad, with one bottle of wine, two of Apollinaris, and some appetizers on the table, and coffee for some of the party, cost for the eight persons seventy francs, that is \$14. A steamer companion who spent a night at Monte Carlo tells me that the cheapest room he could get cost him \$5,

dinner for three \$14, a glass of brandy and soda for one of his party a dollar, and a glass of beer for himself twenty cents.

After an early dinner, we went into the Casino, where I had to register for our party. The life in the interior was less interesting and more prosaic and sordid than I had anticipated, but we were at the dinner hour ; had we stayed until ten o'clock the sight might have been somewhat different. Every variety of character was to be seen in the rooms. There were some, like ourselves, mere curious onlookers ; others whose curiosity had carried them further, and who, sitting or standing at one or other of the tables, were trying their luck, "just for the fun of the thing"; others who had come in for the evening—there were several such from our ship—who, beginning with curiosity, had already experienced the strange fascination of the chance, and were staking more than they could well afford to lose, and were watching the game with feverish anxiety ; others were unmistakable old habitués, and made gambling at Monte Carlo a part of the serious business of their lives. I saw a few elderly women who might be French or English or Italian dowagers, and who very possibly fixed a limit of expenditure which they never passed—who at all events were taking their excite-

ment coolly; but most of the women at the gambling tables were the most bepainted, bejeweled, bedecked creatures I have ever seen, with false hair, false complexions, false teeth, false figures. I doubt whether so much and so apparent falsehood is to be seen outside the greenroom of the theater, perhaps not even there. I have often seen more excitement manifested by ladies and gentlemen over a game of cards in a hotel parlor than I saw at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo; but excitement is not good form at Monte Carlo, and I suspect that when the simple rule of etiquette is not sufficient to repress it, other and more vigorous measures are in the background. One rather young man rose from the table, and as he passed me he uttered under his breath the exclamation—"God!" I suspect he had been losing heavily, but do not know. One man had intensity written on every lineament of his face and there were dark lines about his eyes; it was easy to read a tragic story there. One woman, handsomely dressed and with features which might have made her fine-looking, endeavored to hide her excitement under an appearance of nonchalance, which was as evidently put on as the paint upon her face. She put a twenty-franc gold piece on a square, ostentatiously looked off over

the room, but furtively glanced at the table out of the corner of her eye; it was raked in by the bank. She repeated the operation four times, with the same unsuccessful attempt at an appearance of nonchalance, with the same loss of her gold piece; then quickly turned away from the table, walked over to another one, put down a gold piece, and in a moment took it up with a fellow which it had won and put the fellow in her bag. I should have liked to watch her further, but time was passing and I could not wait.

But these players were the exception. Most of those at the Monte Carlo tables seemed to me like amateurs who were staking a little money—little for them—for the excitement of the moment, not very anxious whether they won or lost. One young man on our own boat told me that he came away at night with his pockets full of gold, the next night lost it all and some more, but recouped his losses and ended by having made about the expenses of his night's stay at Monte Carlo. Once a dispute arose at one table as to the winnings; the bank settled it promptly by paying both the claimants. A companion saw the same scene at another table. I am told that it is not uncommon for a gamester, especially for a woman, coolly to take the winnings of another.

Each gamester has to be quick to get his own. But as I saw how the bank raked in the gold and silver, I could easily believe that the bank pays the Prince of Monaco three million dollars a year for the exclusive right to conduct this gaming-table in his dominions, and out of its profits pays large dividends. The games were explained to me—there were at least two varieties—by a companion who was either more experienced or more quick at comprehension of such matters than I am, but I could not follow the rapid movements of the players nor quite understand what the winner gets or the bank loses. I did learn, however, how it is that Monte Carlo goes on unimpaired, although every now and again some combination of players or some run of luck, or both combined, “break the bank at Monte Carlo.” Each day each table is furnished with a given number of francs. If the game so runs that this store is exhausted, that ends the table for the day ; it can get no more money ; it is broken : but Monte Carlo is not broken ; and out of its surplus wealth it reëndows the table to begin afresh the next day’s game. I do not believe that Monte Carlo cheats its gamblers ; it has no occasion to do so, though, as I have said, they brazenly cheat one another. We saw nothing of the luxurious

supper-table which I have read about in the books ; if there was one, it was upstairs. There was no bar in evidence in the Casino, which is not saying that there was no bar there. But if I do not greatly misjudge the indications afforded outside the Casino, there were not only high living and hard drinking, but plenty of opportunities for licentiousness, and no lack in the employment of the opportunity. We left early—about nine o'clock ; and I think all our party were glad to get out of the poisoned atmosphere of the gambling-room into the clear air of the park, where we waited half an hour or more before the train came along to take us back to our ship.

On reading over this story I see that I have instinctively used the phrase “the gambling-hell” of Monte Carlo. On reflection, I think I have never so clearly realized that a place might have an irresistible attraction to one and be a veritable hell to another. I cannot easily think of a fate more to be dreaded by me than one which would condemn me to spend my life at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo. To me it seems an exceedingly well-regulated, eminently respectable, entirely decorous, but veritable hell.

## IV

### ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

March 30

**T**ODAY we landed again at Villefranche, drove over to Nice and then separated. B—— and H—— started for the Roman Catholic Cathedral on account of the music of Easter Sunday, found it too crowded, and finally went to a Russo-Greek church. The Matron and I went to the English Church. After service we met and took our luncheon at a café-confectionery-baker-restaurant combination, where a delicious meal was served to us at a cost, including the tip to the waiter, of \$2.11—that is, fifty-three cents apiece. The French do understand the art of giving delicious meals at small prices—an art yet not acquired in America, where “cheap and nasty” are terms almost inseparably connected in restaurants.

Then we took a carriage and drove over the hills to Villefranche. By the shore road the distance is about five miles; by the Cornichi road, which we took, the drive was at least double that

distance. We climbed a thousand or twelve hundred feet by one zigzag road to the top of a hill, and drove down a thousand or twelve hundred feet by another zigzag to our landing-stage. B—— engaged in conversation with our driver, asking him all manner of questions, at our suggestion, as to places, trees, fruits, flowers, etc., and he stopped and gathered some olives that hung over the road and gave them to the ladies of our party. B——'s knowledge of French is but slight, and she laughed over her own linguistic blunders; but the driver was immensely pleased at being taken, as it were, into our party; he gave us a most cordial "Bon voyage" when we left him, and even when our rowboat was a considerable distance from the landing-stage we could see him standing up in his carriage and waving his hat in adieus to us. In half an hour we weigh anchor and set sail—except that we have no sails—for Palermo.

April 1

Palermo is the first natural harbor we have seen since we left New York, and Palermo would not be a very safe harbor were its natural protection not improved by great breakwaters. At Madeira, Gibraltar, and Villefranche we anchored in what were practically open roadsteads, and



the harbor at Genoa was almost wholly artificial. We are attached by hawsers to a wharf at one side of the harbor, but five or ten feet from the shore, and are carried a mile or a mile and a half in small boats to a landing on the other side of the harbor—why, I do not know. I am told that on her first excursion the Prinzessin undertook to land her passengers in her own steam launch and life-boats, but met with so much opposition from the local boatmen that she abandoned the attempt in the Mediterranean Sea, and left the local boatmen to carry the passengers to and from shore. I am glad of it. Their income must be poor and uncertain at the best ; and it is worth the quarter of a dollar to be greeted by them with smiles and not with curses. Before leaving New York I had looked up Palermo and laid out a day's excursion. It perhaps confirms the practical wisdom of the selection for the day that I hit upon the same route which Cook's agent had laid out for his party ; but the result was that we met them wherever we went. In our tour about the city we were half the time in the Cook procession ; we came into the church or the palace to find them there, or they came in to find us there, as the case might be ; in short, we were, in spite of ourselves, Cookies, as H—— irreverently calls them.

On one or two occasions I had to explain to the doorkeepers as best I could—not knowing Italian—that I did not belong with them, and had my own separate fee to pay for our party. I may record here the fact that I have kept a careful cash account of the expenses of our shore excursions at Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Palermo, and find that we have had substantially what Cook has given to his parties, and have paid about ten per cent less. Ten per cent seems to me a small sum to pay Cook for taking off from one all the care and worry of a shore excursion—that is, from those to whom it is a care and worry.

I am sorry to have had only a day and a half at Palermo; I should like to stay here for a month. The busy harbor, full of small craft, the opportunities for boating, the envioning hills—grass-covered to their summit where they are not absolutely precipitous; the curious life in the streets, with something at every turn to attract the eye—peasant costumes, pannier-laden donkeys, donkey-carts carrying six or eight passengers, with one small patient donkey tugging at the load, the attractive shops, the countrymen with their rural wares; the abundant flowers and fruits, especially the orange trees laden with

oranges rich in color, fragrant, appetizing ; the soft climate, soft but not enervating ; the warm cool air (contradiction, but a harmony in reality) which caresses and at the same time invigorates ; the excellent hotels, if I may judge from my experience last evening in one of them where we took dinner with a friend who is staying here ; the many excursions in the vicinity from half a day to two or three days in extent, all combined to make Palermo seem like an ideal resting-place. The ride along the seashore, the public gardens, where the gardener was so taken with the Matron's interest in certain flowers that he made her up a bouquet and presented it to her ; the Palazzo Reale, with its chapel, in beauty second only to the Sainte Chapelle in Paris ; the ruined cloisters overgrown with vines and wild flowers ; the uninteresting cathedral—it is enough merely to catalogue these here ; if I ever wish to recall them, Baedeker will do the rest.

The most interesting object in Palermo—was not in Palermo at all. It is the monastery and church at Monreale, a mountain or rather hill perhaps a thousand feet above the sea, and a few miles back from the harbor of Palermo. This monastery and church covers the summit of the hill, and round it clusters a poor little village, all

of whose inhabitants, I should say, could be put into the church at any one service, and then twice as many more without overcrowding it. The most striking feature of this church is furnished by the mosaics, which afford an illustration of the incongruous literalism of Scripture interpretations which prevailed in the Middle Ages. These mosaics are intended to give to the worshipers scenes from both Old Testament and New Testament history. Here is Noah's carpenter sawing the boards for the ark with what is very like a modern saw; here Jacob's angels are seen descending a very short ladder—one wonders why they did not jump, they certainly would not have required their wings—while the Father looks down upon them and upon the sleeping Jacob through an open window. I suppose they are very beautiful; they are certainly very wonderful; but they are not at all credible. It is difficult for a radical Protestant like myself to get, and almost impossible for him to keep, the point of view of a mediæval Christian. Why was this church built here on this hill-top? Why did these monks gather in this monastery to do nothing all day long but say their prayers, walk in these cloisters, cultivate the fruits and flowers in this garden, which, I suppose, in those times few but themselves were

permitted to see, and look off over those ramparts at the wonderful view—the ravine below inclosed by mountain walls tapestried with grass and flowers, the plain beyond rich with grass and fruits, still further the city, the murmur of whose ceaseless industry they could easily imagine if they could not hear, and yet beyond the city the sea with its boundless horizon and its treasures of infinite life—all these uniting to call them to come out from imprisonment and idleness to liberty and toil—the sea calling them to life and liberty, the city and the plain to profitable industry, the fruits and the flowers to the glad enjoyment of the good Father's gifts, the mountains to the worship of God in the temple not made with hands. How could they look unmoved upon all this and go back to their bare cells and their vacant life and their routine of ritual? I suppose this is inexplicable to a Protestant, because Protestantism instinctively measures the instruments of religion by their capacity to benefit man, mediæval religion by their capacity to express reverence to God. The Puritan's church was a "meeting-house" constructed and employed for the instruction of an audience; the mediæval cathedral was a monument reared as a memorial to the Almighty. The motive of the former

might have been *Ad beneficium humanitatis*; the motive of the latter was *Ad gloriam Dei*. The cathedral was no more built to benefit the worshipers who gathered under its roof than the monument in the cemetery is built for the benefit of the one whose body lies beneath it. This church was put on the hill where all might see the glorious monument which reverence had reared to God, and the monks offered their orisons as a tribute to their King. That the best way to render acceptable service to God is by rendering useful service to his children probably never entered their heads. Something such were the thoughts which came to me as I sat there in the church and afterward walked in the cloisters at Monreale. Perhaps we Puritans have reacted too far from the sacerdotalism of mediævalism and need to retrace our steps. Perhaps there is something in this monumental piety which we need to incorporate in our humanitarian religion. I must think more of this.

## V

### THE CITY WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT

April 5

**I**T is idle to attempt to recall and record the suppressed excitement which we all shared when we found ourselves yesterday in the *Ægean* sea, and to describe the various scenes in the ever-changing panorama as we sailed among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. At one point we saw a ruined temple to Athene on one bold promontory overlooking the sea, and watched it for an hour; then it was that I first realized that I was really in Grecian waters. Once we saw a village, partly modern, partly remains apparently of an older time; what it was I could not make out; some of our fellow-passengers were wiser, and knew or thought they knew; but I did not take their information very seriously, and have already forgotten what it was. For some time Mount Olympus, snow-capped, was clearly discernible in the distance; that it was Mount Olympus we were certain, both from the direction in which it lay and from the fact that there is no

other snow-capped mountain in the vicinity. I almost repented my resolve to bring no temptations to study with me. I wished that I had a history of Greece, or Mahaffy's "Survey of Greek Civilization," or at least Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"—anything to enable me to revive the little knowledge I once possessed of this land of romance and of tragedy. I envied the two or three collegians on board whose knowledge was more recent, and who could therefore reclothe these shores with some resemblance to the ancient life. I think, too, I should have been willing to take for twenty-four hours the responsibility of command, just to direct the steamer to land us at the Plains of Troy, and lie off shore there for the day, that we might get at least a tantalizing glimpse of the excavation at Mycenæ.

I went to bed early and asked the steward to call me as we approached the Dardanelles, and was on deck at half-past five this morning as we entered them. We stopped opposite the formidable batteries which the Turkish Government has erected to command this entrance, while some Turkish official rowed out in a boat to examine our papers and give us permission to enter. The batteries were formidable; but not so the three Turkish men-of-war in the harbor. I do not know much



about shipping; but if their boilers and engines were in no better condition than their hulls, which were covered with barnacles to an extent I never saw before even on a stranded hulk, combined they would be no match for one American gunboat. The Turkish officer, in his uniform and his red fez, looked like a gentleman; but a more villainous set of countenances I never saw than those of three or four boatmen who attended him. The Armenian massacres are no longer an enigma to me. All day has been spent in the sail up the Dardanelles, past the narrow strait across which Byron swam in emulation of the Greek Leander, and through the inland Sea of Marmora. Not until well on in the afternoon did we come in sight of Constantinople and watch the domes and minarets of the city emerge from the haze, while we looked on wondering and questioning of one another which was the Mosque of St. Sophia, and where was the palace in which the brother of the Sultan was supposed to be confined for life for no other crime than that of being the Sultan's brother, and which was Scutari and which Stamboul, and where was the Golden Horn and where the famous bridge of boats.

Hardly had we come to anchor near the mouth of the Golden Horn before a tugboat appeared

maneuvering about us, but whether to get at us or out of our path it was at first difficult to guess. The Matron was the first to spy some familiar faces on the boat. Yes, there were our friends. Now they are on board our steamer with their greetings, and which is the happier, they or we, who can tell? Now we are all of us on the tug with our hand luggage. Now we are at the custom-house. Now we are walking along the famous bridge of boats, across the Golden Horn, our baggage examined and our passports viséed.

April 8

We are back on the *Prinzessin* again, and though I should have liked more time to study Constantinople and more time to spend with my friends, and time to accept an invitation which I received to go a day's journey into the country and see a rural Turkish community and what Christian missionaries are doing in the interior, I am not unthankful to be out of what is the worst-governed city I ever saw in my life—worse in all of its aspects than anything I ever dreamed of. I shall not attempt to preserve here the pictorial and dramatic aspects of our experiences, though I hope never wholly to forget them: the beauty of the Bosphorus; the splendid site of

Robert College, which occupies the best situation between the Golden Horn and the Black Sea; the queer steamers which ply up and down, with a harem for the women which no man may enter if there is a Turkish woman in it, but may if there are only Frank women; the ostentatious but flimsy-looking palaces along the shore; the mosques, especially the splendid mosque of St. Sophia, with its aërial dome resting on nothing, like the dome of the heavens; the cosmopolitan markets; the shops, big and little; the famous bridge of boats, with the constant procession passing and repassing upon it; the over-loaded porters, bent nearly double under their burdens; the veiled women looking at you with great eyes through the openings in their veils; the disreputable graveyards, unkempt and uncared for, which constitute apparently the sole pleasure-grounds of Constantinople; the evening call to prayer as we heard it in the gloaming, repeated from minaret to minaret along the banks of the Bosphorus—these hints, aided by such snap-shots as I was able to get with my camera, must serve to keep alive the outward aspects of life in Constantinople. For more detailed impressions I can always go to the pages of Charles Dudley Warner and D'Amicis. But I have my own impressions of the civic and

political life. Our visit was very brief, it was true—too brief for any adequate study of conditions. But some of the conditions were too apparent to require study, and I had the advantage of information from permanent residents in the city.

Midway between the Black Sea on the north and the *Ægean* Sea leading into the Mediterranean on the south is the little Sea of Marmora, at a guess twenty-five or thirty miles in length, for we were two hours or a little over traversing it. The Hellespont connects it with the *Ægean* Sea, the Bosphorus with the Black Sea—two narrow straits, the bold rocky shores of which are easily fortified. The Sea of Marmora is thus a landlocked and easily protected harbor, within which the fleets of the world could not only ride at anchor but could conduct naval maneuvers. Judging from the absence of lighthouses and buoys, the water is everywhere relatively safe. Where the Bosphorus enters the Sea of Marmora, and at right angles to it, there enters from the west a broad but comparatively short river, which at the point of juncture is rather an arm of the sea. This is the Golden Horn. Where these two streams enter the Sea of Marmora three cities of considerable size are clustered: on the eastern or Asiatic shore, Scutari; on the western or Euro-

pean shore, south of the Golden Horn, Stamboul; north of the Golden Horn, Galata and Pera, which are as indistinguishable from each other as Williamsburg and Brooklyn, the name of Galata being given to the portion lying along the water's edge, the name of Pera to the portion rising above it on the side of one of the steep hills which, leaving but a narrow margin, wall in the Bosphorus on both shores. Galata and Pera are the modern city; contain the good hotels, the banking-houses, the commercial offices, etc.; are supposedly relatively decent but uninteresting. We did not visit this section. Scutari is the oldest and the most squalid portion, as we saw it in our brief and incidental visit on Sunday. Stamboul is the city proper; the city of the Turks and the city for sightseers. Here are the great mosques, the famous bazaars, the museum, the extraordinarily Oriental and cosmopolitan market; here the strange costumes and strange faces. These four cities, Stamboul, Galata, Pera, and Scutari, constitute the city of Constantinople. A city so situated ought to be one of the chief commercial and manufacturing centers of Europe. Its harbor ought to be full of the fleets of commerce; it should collect the products of European manufacturers needed in the East and

Eastern products demanded in Europe ; it should be a manufacturing center of raw material brought from both communities ; it should at least be the connecting link between Eastern Europe and Western Asia, and a distributing reservoir for both ; it should have great piers, commodious warehouses, large and active manufacturing establishments, broad avenues, well-paved and well-lighted streets, a busy and large population. It has none of them, and the reason it has none of them is because it has nothing worthy to be called a government.

One day not long since a lady in the environs of Constantinople was sitting in the library of her house when she heard the report of a gun, and then shot fell in the hall and in the room at her feet. Half a dozen panes of glass had been broken by the shot. She rushed out, to find a Turkish neighbor—a shepherd—of an unenviable reputation near by, shotgun in hand. She called him to account, and he replied that he was shooting at a dog which had been killing his sheep. "But dogs have not wings," she said, "and to have shot thus into my windows you must have shot up into the air." She got no satisfactory reply, proposed to report the case to the police, but was dissuaded by her friends. "The police will

do nothing," they said ; "the police are afraid of him. And if you make him any more your enemy than he is now, you will find some member of your family murdered some night on his way up from the boat; and no one will know by whom, and no one will trouble to inquire. This little incident is fairly illustrative of the Turkish Government, or to speak more accurately, of the Turkish no-government. No one is really safe—no one, from the Sultan to the lowest peasant. The Sultan lives in daily dread for his life, and rarely stirs outside his palace grounds. He is universally hated by Turk as well as by Christian. From rapacity and greed in a favorite of the Sultan no person is even safe. The widow of a once prominent Pasha owned house and land in the vicinity of Constantinople which had been a long time in the family. An unscrupulous favorite of the Sultan, a scheming and influential politician, laid covetous eyes on it, and offered her an absurdly small price for it—perhaps half its market value. Her friends advised her to sell, and she did so, rather than risk the peril to herself and her children of arousing his enmity by a refusal. Robert College wished to add seven acres to its grounds. The bargain was made, the price agreed upon, everything was settled but the delivery of the

deed and the money for the deed. But a year elapsed before the transfer could be finally effected, and the matter had to be kept a profound secret lest political influences should be brought to bear to prevent the sale. The owner planted trees in the lot to conceal his purpose to sell, and on the day when the exchange was made would not come up to the College for the transfer lest the secret should be suspected, but sent for its President to meet him elsewhere.

Such is the Turkish Government on its executive side. On its administrative side it is quite as bad. Constantinople is probably the worst-administered city in the world. Its dirt and its dogs defy description. The latter divide the task of scavenger with beggars; both prowl the streets at night, and our fellow-passengers affirm that the yelping of the dogs, even in Pera, the modern city, made sleep at night well-nigh impossible. The roads in the immediate suburbs of Constantinople are, many of them, impossible for carriages. I did not learn as to the sewer system, though I think there is practically none, and apparently nothing that could be called a water system. There is no local post-office. If one wishes to send a letter from one part of Constantinople to another part, he must send it by a porter. Cor-



ruption pervades all branches of administration ; indeed, all departments of the Empire. The Government is bankrupt ; the Empire is reported to be some years in arrears to its soldiers, though, as there is no popular assembly, no responsibility to the people, no free press, and, so far as I can learn, no public reports, it is difficult to get at the facts with any approximation to accuracy. But the Sultan personally is enormously rich. When an English Duke, a few weeks ago, visiting Constantinople in his yacht, called on the Sultan, and the Sultan wished to return the visit and did not wish to risk his person in so public a manner as would be required by a visit to the yacht, he put a palace on shore, royally fitted up and with a retinue of servants, at the Duke's disposal, that the visit might be made there. To put the whole situation in a sentence, "Constantinople is thoroughly Crokerized." It is carried on by the Sultan and his favorites on the principle avowed by Mr. Croker, "I am in politics for what I can make out of it."

Appeal to the courts appears, from all that I can learn, to be quite useless. Justice is sold by the court to the highest bidder ; payment of the suitors to the judge is regarded as quite legitimate ; and he only is looked upon as an unjust

judge who receives money from a suitor and then renders decision against him. Even when justice is not corrupt, it is not, I judge, very intelligent, from this Turkish popular story illustrative of Turkish justice. Once upon a time—so the story runs—a thief climbing over the fence of his neighbor to break into his house fell, caught his eye on a hook to which the clothes-line was attached, and destroyed his eye. He brought complaint against the owner of the house which he was planning to rob. The judge decided that the owner must lose his eye, because the law says, An eye for an eye. In vain the innocent house-owner pleaded his right to have a hook in his yard for his clothes-line and the no-right of the intruding burglar to be there at all. The law was explicit: An eye for an eye. At last a happy thought struck the defendant. "I am a tailor," he said to the judge, "and I need both my eyes. If one of them is put out, I can no longer support my family and they will become objects of charity. But my neighbor is a hunter. When he goes shooting, he closes one eye to take aim. Take his eye out. It will be an accommodation to him; I shall still be able to support my family, and the law will be maintained." "Excellent suggestion!" cried the judge; and it was so decreed. Such a

story is not to be taken too seriously ; but the fact that it is found in the folk-lore of the Turkish people indicates at least what is the popular conception of justice as practically obtainable in Turkey.

I naturally made some inquiries of residents as to the Armenian massacres. The result fully confirmed my previous impressions. Turkey had solemnly promised the Powers certain political reforms. Turkey never fulfils her promises unless she is compelled to do so, and the Powers were too jealous of one another to unite in bringing any pressure to bear on Turkey to initiate the reforms. The Christians in the Empire universally desired them ; so did a small but growing party of Turks known as Young or Reforming Turks. There were a few fanatical Armenians—neither considerable in numbers nor in influence with their own countrymen—who were too impatient to await the development of events and who constituted a Revolutionary Committee. This fact furnished at once a provocation and an excuse to the Turkish Government. The universal belief among the foreigners in Turkey appears to be that the orders for the massacres came from the Porte. It is certain that the first massacres, those at Trebizond, were commenced

without the knowledge of the local Governor, who used all the power he possessed, at no inconsiderable hazard to himself, to stop the massacre in his own city ; of course he was powerless to arrest it elsewhere. The fire, once lighted, easily and rapidly spread. The massacres which followed were due partly to race and religious prejudices, partly to Turkish envy of the most prosperous people in the Empire, partly to the hostility of a debtor to a creditor class (the Armenians being the money-lenders and the Turks the money-borrowers in most Turkish communities), partly to a desire for plunder by the unprincipled, partly to the inability of a feeble Government to put any check on fanatical violence when once it had commenced its remorseless work, partly to deliberate incitements by the Government, which was only too willing to have its subjects butchered if so the reforming party in Turkey, and especially the Young or Reforming Turks, could be curbed into silence and submission. The impression which some of us in America had entertained, that the English Government could have stopped the massacres if it had acted promptly and courageously, was confirmed by a report, certainly believed in high quarters and apparently well founded. It is to the effect that the English

Minister in Constantinople, after the Trebizond massacre, had given orders to the British fleet to pass the Dardanelles and come up to Constantinople, that the forts were not in condition to resist, and there were Turks ready in Constantinople to coöperate and put the Sultan on board the British fleet and put another and better man in his place. But Lord Salisbury, with characteristic caution, was afraid to act, and ordered delay ; the forts were put in readiness ; and later, when the continuing massacres had aroused the English public, it was too late to force the Dardanelles. England has paid for this pusillanimity. The Turk understands a threat, but understands nothing else. English influence, which was formerly dominant at Constantinople, is so no longer. It is now the Germans who control both politically and commercially in the Turkish Empire. I was told, also, and on what seemed to me good authority, that while every European Power was jealous of every other European Power, and no one of them was willing that Constantinople should come under the dominating influence of any of the others, least of all that it should become a Russian port, they would all be glad if the United States would take it under her wing and make it a free city under an American pro-

tectorate, and that even some hopes were expressed that this would be the result of our claims for damages against Turkey. Possibly rumors of this desire reached the ears of the Sublime Porte and led it to pay those claims. This might be a satisfactory solution of the Eastern question to European Powers; it would not be seriously entertained, I imagine, by Americans, at least at present; but that it is even seriously discussed at European dinner-tables may serve to illustrate the complexity of the Turkish problem. As to its solution, I have to confess to myself that my brief visit has given me no light; it has only enabled me to see more clearly than I have ever done before the intolerable condition of the present situation, and the apparent hopelessness of any of the proposed remedies. I suspect the remedy will come in a totally unexpected manner and by some form of revolution, and yet it is difficult to see how revolution could have any prospect of success. The various elements which make up the Turkish community—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, etc.—are jealous of one another, and as yet their common detestation of a detestable government has not sufficed to unite them in making a common cause for reform of any sort. The Turkish army is an effective fight-

ing machine, and though it is not very intelligent, it is, to a considerable extent, officered by Germans, who are perhaps the most intelligent in the art of war of any Europeans. There are practically no arms in the private possession of any of the people in Turkey, and the Government does not mean that there shall be. How much on its guard it is against the importation of arms is illustrated by a single incident. A benevolent friend sent a tennis set from America to the American College for Girls. It was stopped at the custom-house, and only with considerable difficulty were the custom-house authorities persuaded that tennis-balls sent to a college of girls were not intended as ammunition for a revolutionary uprising. There is, however, a public-school system, recently organized and somewhat efficient in the towns. The existence of mission schools has created a demand for education which could not be wholly resisted. Perhaps through these schools the Young or Reforming Turkish party may in time be increased so as to become a political power. I wish so; I can almost say I hope so. In no other direction do I see present ground for hope for unhappy Turkey.

## VI

### ON THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT

April 9

**A**S we sailed past Robert College yesterday afternoon on our way to the Black Sea, the college boys were out in force, and greeted us with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs and flags; prominent among the latter was the American flag. I believe this is their custom whenever an American steamer passes up the Bosphorus, and it indicates the friendly feeling for America which at least the foreign peoples—the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Armenians—are imbibing at the College. This incident led to a rather significant conversation with a fellow-passenger who asked me what the demonstration meant, and, on my telling him that this was Robert College, expressed in perfectly courteous but also in vigorous terms his disapproval of the attempt to proselyte to other faiths a people content with their own. He indicated his understanding that Robert College was founded for the purpose of educating men for the



ministry, and could hardly credit my assurance that it had no proselyting purpose. In fact, it has no theological department whatever. It is no more a missionary college than Yale or Harvard, and is a Christian college in the same sense and in no other. Its professors are not all of the same religious faith; its professor of Greek language and literature is a devout member of the Greek Church, its professor of the Turkish language and literature was formerly a Mohammedan—whether now or not I do not know. Why any one should approve of Yale and Harvard, of Oxford and Cambridge, of Leipsic and Berlin Universities, and disapprove of Robert College and the American College for Girls in Constantinople, I cannot understand; for the latter are doing for Turkey exactly the work which the former are doing for Germany, England and America. It is true that attendance on chapel exercises is compulsory, but most of the students are nominal Christians, and the chapel exercises in Robert College consist in reading the Psalms together, singing and prayer; and so tactful are the college authorities that their morning services are conducted in that curious sing-song manner, half intoning, half recitative, to which the Armenians and the Greeks are accustomed in their

church services. I had difficulty in persuading my fellow-passenger that the College was not a veiled attempt to proselyte; I am quite sure I should have failed entirely had I not happily had with me a copy of a letter<sup>1</sup> addressed by the Greek Patriarch—the head of the Greek Church

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<sup>1</sup> The letter to which the Careless Traveler refers is quoted in the Report of the President for the thirty-eighth year of the College (1900-1901). The letter, preceded by an introductory paragraph from the report, is as follows:

The most distinguished and progressive Bishop of the Orthodox Eastern Church has just been unanimously chosen Patriarch of Constantinople and received with wild enthusiasm by the people. He has held this office once before, many years ago, but he was then too progressive for the times and was forced to resign. He sent his Grand Vicar to our Commencement, with instructions to make an address if the opportunity occurred, but we had no addresses and the Vicar was ordered to send me a letter, which was also published in the Greek papers. This letter cannot fail to interest the Trustees, and I add this translation of it to my report:

“To the most noble and most learned

Director of Robert College.

“Most noble Sir:—The following is an address which His Holiness directed me to deliver yesterday on my visit to your College, which I now have the pleasure to transmit to you.

““Having come among you, Honorable Gentlemen, by order of His Holiness, my most venerable Master, it gives me great pleasure to say that His Holiness has always followed with great interest the work of your most important and most noble institution. His Holiness, my most venerable Master, duly appreciates your labors and care that the education which you give shall make good citizens and moral men, who will act in society as worthy and honest members of it, loving their neighbors, not rendering evil for evil, but good for evil.

““But the appreciation of His Holiness surpasses this limit, for he admires and praises you for working in harmony with the teachings of the Apostles, doing good without any afterthought, which might bring forth scandals. You respect the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, who said, “Woe unto him through whom scandal comes.” Your enviable mission, as is proved by facts, is the mission of making good men, not of corrupting consciences; to make good Christians, not perverts from the Church. For these reasons His Holiness gave me the fatherly order to express to you his thanks and praise for your work, inasmuch as our nation, on account of unhappy circumstances, has not been able to found such an institution as Robert College.”

“Transmitting to you, word by word, this fatherly message of His Holiness, I take the opportunity to sign myself, with great respect and brotherly love for you,

“THE GRAND VICAR CHRYSOSTOME.”

—to President Washburn last year, which should be quite conclusive to any doubter.

Robert College on the Bosphorus, for boys, and the American College for Girls opposite, at Scutari, have sent back to their homes hundreds of boys and girls trained to do their own thinking and certain to carry a new spirit of intellectual and spiritual life into their various communities. There is far more ground for hope for a new Turkey in these men and women than there is in European interference or an American protectorate.

April 10

This morning we arrived at Trebizond, a Turkish port on the Black Sea, about six hundred miles east of Constantinople. One step has been taken towards that unity of interest between England and America which some of us hope will grow much more rapidly in the future than it has in the past; a custom has grown up according to which, in any port in which there is an English consul but no American consul, the English consul represents American interests, and *vice versa*. The American Consul at Constantinople telegraphed to the English Consul at Trebizond of our expected arrival, and before we

had breakfasted his dragoman was on the steamer to meet us. We had in landing the first disagreeable experience we have met from any fellow-passenger. The dragoman had come for us in a private boat; but, in spite of the expostulations of the sailors stationed at the bottom of the landing-ladder to help passengers off, three men, two Germans and one American, insisted on jumping into our boat. Our party of five were put into a carriage and driven through the town to the Consul's house. We were among the first of the passengers to get into a carriage, and the Consul's cavass—a kind of constable or policeman—was on the box with the driver, so that we were in a way identified as the English Consul's guests. It is rarely that an English steamer lands at Trebizond, and still more rarely do Americans land there, and we learned afterwards that great preparations had been made for our coming. We found, therefore, the streets quite full of observers, to whom we were as great curiosities as they could be to us. I think it was the first time that I ever realized that a plain black traveling suit could be a curious costume. We drove up the hill as far as the carriage could take us, and then walked, it seemed to me a quarter of a mile further, up a tortuous, ill-paved lane,

practically impassable for a wheeled carriage, to the house, where the Consul received us as his guests, with characteristic, courtly English manners, and conducted us up the considerable flight of steps which lead up from the street to the front door. What were our plans? We had none developed. Would we have some tea? No, thank you. He hoped, then, we would all come back to luncheon. We should be delighted. He would suggest that we might like to walk over to Dr. Parmlee, the American missionary's house; the cavass would conduct us; and then from there to the Governor's house, where a sword dance was to be given by the Governor's orders for the benefit of the ship's passengers; after that we could return to lunch. This accorded with our ideas, and the plan was carried out accordingly.

My visits to a Methodist minister's in Madeira, to Robert College and to the American College for Girls in Constantinople, and to Dr. Parmlee in Trebizond, have clarified and confirmed somewhat hazy ideas on the subject of foreign missions. The half-hour spent under Dr. Parmlee's roof has left on my mind a strangely commingled feeling of the pathos and the splendor of missionary service. Dr. and Mrs.

Parmlee and their daughter—who has just returned to them for a visit after a brief educational experience in the United States—are quite alone in Trebizond. He is actually a kind of bishop, having oversight of a number of native preachers, who are scattered through what may by courtesy be called his diocese, but I doubt if once a year he sees an American or much oftener any other Englishman than the Consul. His wife and daughter are carrying on a kindergarten, which takes in the children of some of the “best families” in town, since it is the only school of the sort, or perhaps of any description, for little children. We went into the school room, which was quite bare of ornament, and Miss —, who is a kindergarten expert, pronounced their songs and games well up to the standard. We afterwards met one of the native preachers of the town at the Governor’s house, who told me that he was trying to organize and carry on a kind of young men’s club to work against the saloon, which was the greatest enemy he had to contend against—and this in a Turkish port. There seemed to be something at once infinitely pathetic and worthy of all admiration in the heroism of this missionary and his wife and daughter, cutting themselves off from all social companionship and devoting

themselves to this isolated life in order to carry the good news of the goodness of God to a people who had never learned from their priests anything but to fear God. The cavass grew impatient, and we finally had to tear ourselves away from the school and follow him to keep the appointment at the house of the Turkish Governor for the sword dance to be given for the benefit of the ship's company. When we reached there, the entertainment had already begun. Fifty men or so in peculiar and picturesque costumes were going through this dance, sword in hand, advancing, retreating, stooping, rising, turning about, and forming strange and even fantastic combinations. The most characteristic feature of the entertainment was the dancing by two men, or at times two or three boys, armed with naked swords which they brandished at each other in the most theatrically alarming manner. I was not surprised to be told that these men, who had been brought down from the mountains for the purpose of giving the entertainment, were not above reproach ; some of them I should not care to meet alone on the road in a dark night.

After the sword dance we returned to luncheon at the Consul's house. He has been at Trebizond

for many years, and his account of the massacres of the Armenians in that city was extremely dramatic. One incident he told us illustrates the character of the massacre and the motives which impelled it, and at the same time the value of having in the service an experienced Consul with a knowledge of the language of the country. After the worst massacre of the first day was over, he was looking over his garden wall and saw coming up the narrow lane which led by his house a Greek porter, heavily laden. At the upper end of the street was a Turkish soldier, who drew his gun on the porter. The porter called out in terror, "Don't shoot me; I am a Greek." "No, you're not a Greek," responded the soldier; "you're an Armenian, and anyway, I am going to shoot somebody." Thereupon the Consul called out from his vantage-ground above, "Don't shoot him; I know he is a Greek." The soldier sullenly lowered his gun, and let the porter pass. I think also that it was this Consul who told us that the Governor had specially prepared for the coming of the Prinzessin by having the streets cleaned and the dogs and the beggars shut up. As compared with Constantinople, the streets were marvelously clean, and in the city we saw scarcely a dog or a beggar—



no street dogs, I think, and only one beggar, and he eating on the steps of a Greek monastery the dinner which had been given him there.

We sailed about four o'clock. Just before sailing I got my first glimpse of a veritable caravan; with our glasses we could watch the camels kneeling on the distant dock—not the one from which we had embarked—to receive their loads, and later the long procession (a fellow-passenger reported a hundred and fifty, but I do not know how he knew) winding up the hill in the beginning of a journey of some hundreds of miles into the interior of Persia. Nothing I have seen has more clearly brought home to me the fact that we are really in the Orient, or at least upon the edge of it.

## VII

### TIFLIS

April 15

**W**E came back last night tired of a four days' land trip to Tiflis. The illustrated circular describing the tour of the Prinzessin, which was forwarded to us before we started, thus locates and describes this city:

“Batoum is one hundred and ten miles north-east of Trebizond, its harbor being the safest on the east coast of the Black Sea. . . . Opportunity is given to visit by rail from this point Tiflis, the capital and largest city of Caucasia, a half-European, half-Asiatic town, aptly described as a city of contrasts, Cairo alone presenting a similar mixture of Oriental poetry and decay, with some of the humble types of European society. It consists of a Russian quarter, with ambitious buildings of the modern style, a clean and picturesque German suburb, and a Persian district with a decidedly Eastern aspect. Tiflis was first made a capital in 455 by Wakhtang, a Georgian chief-

tain, who erected a fort and several churches. It was subsequently occupied and plundered, devastated and rebuilt, by Persians, Greeks, Saracens, Turks, etc., till 1795, when Russia, in order to protect it from the Shah of Persia, took it and has kept possession ever since. Tiflis has a population of over 100,000, among whom are 8,000 artisans renowned as silversmiths, gunsmiths, and sword-makers. Of its fifty-four churches, the Cathedral of Sion traces its origin to the fifth century."

At Batoum we entered Russia. Here we had our first experience of the Russian Government. Prior to Constantinople our passports were not asked for. At Constantinople we were directed on landing to go to an office at the Custom-House, where they were viséed—*i. e.*, stamped—by an official, without charge to us. This was so much a pure formality that I passed by the office, had my hand luggage examined, and could have passed on had not a friend suggested that I might have difficulty in embarking if I did not have my passport viséed. In fact, however, it was not looked at again. In Batoum it was quite different. All our passports were gathered up by the steward. Russian officers came on board to examine them. We had to go in person to the library to get them. Two of our fellow-passengers, seeing theirs on the

library table, and jumping to the conclusion that all was done, took them up and went off, and after we all got on shore, the train was delayed ten or fifteen minutes until the proper officer could be hunted up and the passports viséed. This incident emphasizes my impression of the difference between the Russian and the Turkish Government; it is a matter of feeling largely, but as I find it shared by others of our passengers, I think there must be some basis of fact for it. In Turkey there is no real government. Official position gives prerogatives and powers, but involves no duties. There are despotic powers, but no organized power. Foreigners are protected by their flag and have their own consular courts of justice; but a native is at the mercy of any man who is stronger, more cunning, and more unscrupulous than himself. Neither person or property is really safe in Turkey. In Russia there is a strong bureaucratic government. It is thoroughly organized. It protects person and property<sup>1</sup>. I am inclined to think that both are quite as safe in Russia as in America, so long as one is not sus-

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<sup>1</sup> The reader must remember that this was written in 1902, three years before the Japanese-Russian War, and four years before the present revolutionary movement in Russia. I do not think that it is now (1907) true; the present conditions are those of anarchy, in which lawless assassinations by the government are followed by lawless reprisals by the revolutionaries, and neither life nor property of any, even the more peaceable and law-abiding, is safe. L. A.

*pected* of being hostile to either Church or State, which are practically one. If he is under suspicion of hostility to either, he has no assurance that he will have any trial, or even know of what he is accused. I would much rather live in Russia than in Turkey, but I should want to be both "orthodox" and imperialist, and, as I am neither, I should never be quite easy in Russia.

Batoum is the port from which most of the oil from the Russian oil-fields is shipped to European ports, and enough of it escapes in the shipping to furnish a very evident covering to the water of the harbor. Perhaps this is what makes it the safest harbor on the east coast of the Black Sea. We met here, on landing, the American Consul, who was an old acquaintance of one of our passengers. Report has it that his consul fees amount to \$300 a year, and his salary from the Standard Oil Company to \$25,000 a year. It does not seem to me felicitous to employ as our ill-paid representative so well-paid a representative of a great corporation, whose interests might very easily, in certain conditions, be quite different from those of the United States or one of its private citizens. [But later the Consul at Odessa told me that Mr. Chambers's reports were noteworthy, and had been translated into Russian, and I think he said also

German.] We saw Batoum only from the car windows. For on landing we went direct to our train, and, after the delays which appear to be indispensable in all Eastern countries, we started in our thirteen-hour railroad ride to Tiflis.

The special train arranged for by Cook, under whose guidance all the passengers placed themselves in the Black Sea excursions, was a corridor train—that is, it was composed of cars, each of which was divided into compartments running across the car, and a hallway running the full length of the car along one side of it, on which these compartments opened. We four, with two fellow-passengers very congenial to us, secured one of these compartments, and made ourselves very comfortable. Each of the two long seats, facing each other, had an upholstered back which could be turned up over the seat so as to make a bed, thus converting the compartment into a sleeper with four beds, each of which was long enough to make it possible for two short people to sleep in it, by either curling up a trifle or overlapping a trifle. As evening came on, we turned up one of these beds, and two of our number climbed up into it, while the rest, in various attitudes, composed ourselves to rest, and perhaps to sleep, on the seats or couches below. There were two dining-cars on the

train, quite different from ours, however. A long table ran the whole length of the car, and on it a table d'hôte lunch and dinner were served, to each of which the passengers were summoned in three relays, by means of a dinner-bell rung through the train. The engine burned coal-oil—consequently no smoke, no cinders, but some smell. The train, though a special express, did not move very rapidly—I think from ten or fifteen miles an hour when climbing the mountains, to thirty miles an hour when descending. We made stops all along, for no very apparent reason, and never, I think, for less than four or five minutes. The starting was quite a ceremony. First a station-bell rang; in perhaps two minutes it rang again; then the engine blew a whistle; the conductor responded with a pocket whistle; the engine replied and then we moved off. As soon as the passengers understood this to be the rule of the road, they jumped off at each station, to walk the platform, pick flowers, get snap-shots with their cameras, or get some fruit or a glass of tea or coffee—both are served in glasses, not in cups, in Russia—at the station restaurant.

For the first two hours our route lay over a perfectly level plain, like an American prairie, though with generally a thin soil; on the whole, a

poor country. At first the sea lay on one side of us; later the mountains began to appear upon the other side. At about noon we entered the hill country and began to climb up through a ravine, along the edge of a mountain torrent. The valley grew gradually narrower, the hills more precipitous. They were generally barren, always treeless, sometimes cultivated in patches. The roads were too steep and rough for carriages. The carts were a combination of two wheels and two poles; the latter, sticking out behind and taking the place of back wheels, answered also the purpose of brakes down the steep hills; the motive power always small oxen. Steeper and more barren grew the hills, narrower and still narrower the valley, until at last, a little before sunset, we entered a long tunnel on the top of the range we had been climbing all the afternoon. We were, I believe, about three thousand feet above the sea. I am sure we all shared the surprise to find ourselves, when we emerged, in a garden; the fields green with verdure, the trees radiant with blossoms, the villages alive with apparent prosperity. In ten minutes we had passed from a desert into an Eden. Ten or fifteen minutes beyond the tunnel we stopped at a large station, in what appeared to be a town of considerable size, and there



remained—five minutes, ten minutes, quarter of an hour, half an hour—and then rumors of an accident began to spread through the train. One of our fellow-passengers, passing through the train while it was in the tunnel, had in the darkness become confused, and either, mistaking the doors, had opened the wrong one and stepped off the train, or had somehow managed to fall between the cars and yet miraculously to one side. Two minutes later the patrol coming through the tunnel, found this passenger there, got him on his feet, and succeeded in getting him to a télégraph station at the mouth of the tunnel, telegraphing to our train and getting a hand-car which brought our fellow-passenger on, considerably shaken up and with a broken arm, but apparently not otherwise seriously injured. The tunnel is broad enough for two tracks, but has as yet but one ; he fell on the vacant side; had he fallen on the other he would inevitably have been crushed between the train and the wall of rock. We waited nearly or quite two hours for him. Bandages meanwhile were procured and a local surgeon obtained ; the arm was set ; and we started on our journey. We incidentally learned through this accident that at all Russian stations appliances are kept in readiness for first aid to the injured.

It was thus nearly midnight when our train stopped at the station at Tiflis. Our hotel was half a mile or more from the center of the city, which deprived us of some of the sights and sounds we might have otherwise had without leaving the hotel; but, *per contra*, we had a quiet hotel, excellent rooms, a good table, and street life that was not without interest. It was essentially German, and but for the fact that we did not speak German, and scarcely any one in the hotel understood either French or English, we were very comfortable. Indeed, Tiflis was in two ways disappointing: agreeably, in that I had expected to find primitive and perhaps uncleanly accommodations, whereas I had no fault to find with those furnished to us; disagreeably, in that I had expected to find a city unlike anything I had ever seen before, whereas I saw more of strange sights, faces, costumes, and customs in Constantinople. I should have done well on the first day to have found, if I could, an English-speaking guide and engaged him for ourselves. Whether I could or not, I do not know; they were rare; for English visitors to Tiflis are rare. Some of our fellow-passengers did get English-speaking guides in Tiflis; they were, I believe, Armenians who had lived in England or in America, and who came to

the hotels for the purpose of renewing their acquaintance with English-speaking people. I wonder, by the way, how it is that Mr. — gets his guides and his carriages. He is never flustered or hurried or anxious, or even concerned. While his fellow-passengers are running hither and thither, pushing, struggling, bargaining, perspiring, I see him generally looking calmly on, cane in hand, cigar in mouth, placidly amused at the turmoil. When all is over, he has a good carriage, good horses, an intelligent driver, and one of the best guides in the city. It dawns upon me that the guides are as anxious to find a customer as the customers are to find a guide, and he lets the guide find him.

Asia Minor is roughly divided into two districts or sections, in one of which, the northeast, Russia has, through concessions from Turkey, commercial control; on the other of which, the southeast, Germany has, in the same way, commercial control. The monopoly granted to Germany is the price paid by Turkey for aid furnished by Germany to Turkey in the Cretan war, and for her interposition of a quiet but effective obstacle to any European interference with the Armenian massacres. There is no instance in America *yet* of commercialism quite so bad as this.

What it may become in the United States if the moral sentiment of the country is not alert, this indicates. As a result of this commercial control, the only languages used in that part of Asia Minor where we were are the Turkish, German, and Russian. English and French are of no use. As none of our party knew more than a few words of German, and we could only guess at the *letters* of the Russian language, we were necessarily dependent on Cook, and as neither of his two representatives had any knowledge of the Russian language, and they had to look after a hundred and fifty passengers, divided between three or four different hotels, the situation was one of considerable interest, not to say of some difficulty at times.

Saturday morning we were taken in a series of processions—funeral processions we called them—about the city. Wisely, the company was broken up into small parties—our special one had not over six or eight carriages. One of Cook's agents went with us. From time to time the procession halted and the agent went from carriage to carriage with the information: "The City Hall," "Place ——," "The Opera-House," "The Museum," etc.—information which was not very valuable, nor to me very interesting. The city itself was more so, and

of the city we got a fairly good idea. It is divided into two sections by a madly rushing torrent of chocolate water, crossed by at least three bridges, and at one place by a rope ferry. It is surrounded by high hills, whose shoulders protrude into the valley and are partially occupied by dwellings. Neither in Tiflis, Trebizond, nor Constantinople has any grading apparently been done. Consequently the streets are often steep climbs or serpentine ascents or sometimes flights of steps, and the garden of one house is on a level with the roof of its next neighbor. Most interesting of all was the life; but that we could have seen almost as well by sitting in our carriage and letting the life go by us—though we should have needed to move our carriage to different points of view. Here is a funeral procession, the hearse laden with flowers, the coffin borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers—empty, we are told it is, the body having been quietly buried the day before; here is a company of soldiers, the martial music sounding much like such music on Broadway in New York; here is a Greek church, and we go in to see the Ikon and the veil over the Holy Place; here are wine or water skins of all sizes, from that of a small dog to that of a large ox—I have often seen pictures of them, but never the real skins

before; here are the Armenian and Persian shops, of which more hereafter; here are Georgian men, their breasts ornamented with a row of silver-tipped cartridge-boxes, and here Georgian women, their heads ornamented with enormous winged head-dresses; here is a fire company going to a fire and carting the water in barrels with which they intend to put it out; here we see men watering the streets with a short hose carried like a garden hose on two wheels, and attached first to one hydrant and then to another; here is a wedding party, whether going to the wedding or returning we do not know, the bride sitting in an open cab, dressed all in white, with a gorgeous bouquet in her lap, and with, I suppose, the groom at her side; and everywhere we are tormented by signs printed in letters sometimes like and sometimes unlike the English, with now and then a resemblance to the Greek, to which we in vain endeavor to attach some meaning.

But our most interesting experience in Tiflis was that of Saturday afternoon at the Armenian and Persian shops. These line both sides of several narrow and crooked streets in the old town, and here both manufacturing and trading are carried on, as I suppose they have been for many centuries. These shops, like the smaller bazaars in

Constantinople, are little rooms ten feet broad by perhaps fifteen deep, their only light and ventilation being from the front, which is entirely open to the street. The customer stands in the street in making his purchase; the dealer, in what has all the aspect of a cave. Some of the more sumptuous shops are large enough to allow half a dozen customers or so inside the cave, but these are few. The weaving and silver work are done in the interior of the cave; all the goods are contained in one rather small show-case on the quasi-counter which serves as the partition between the cave and the street. There are absolutely no prices. These people are children, and bargain as boys do at school. "What will you take for your top?" "Ten marbles and two agates." "What do you take me for? I will give you five marbles." And so it goes on until an exchange is made for six marbles and one agate. I do not believe that these "merchants" have any idea what their raw materials cost, or what their labor is worth or what profit they must get to make a living. All they know is that they have something which they do not want and which they wish to exchange for something they do want. A hundred and fifty customers, of all grades of worldly wisdom and worldly inexperience, some with plenty of money,

some with little, some by nature spendthrifts, some by nature calculating every penny of expenditure, some hating bargaining, some thinking this chaffering is a great lark, none of them knowing the language of the town, only two or three interpreters in the entire crowd, all bargains substantially made by signs or by writing the figures offered and demanded on a scrap of paper; the entire principal street, barely wide enough for one carriage, crowded with interested traffickers and equally interested spectators, native and foreign—such was the scene that Saturday afternoon. Our railroad ride from Tiflis back to Batoum gave us fine views of the wild and romantic scenery, which in coming up we had passed through after dark. The day was exceptionally clear; one view, especially, I am not likely ever to forget. The clouds covered the top of what seemed like mountains, ten miles away. Above these clouds a snow-capped peak towered, seeming as if it were hanging in the air above our heads by some marvelous suspension of the law of gravitation. I wanted to believe that this was Ararat, which was situated in that direction; but, after some discussion with a fellow-passenger over a map, on which the mountains were indicated, I had to abandon that idea as untenable.



## VIII

### THE CRIMEA

April 18

**H**ISTORICAL associations, extraordinary beauty of natural scenery, and exciting adventure have combined to make the last three days spent in the Crimea and its vicinity the climax in interest of our trip thus far. Events have followed each other so rapidly that this is my first opportunity, now that we are back on the *Prinzessin* again, to make any record in my diary.

My impressions of the Crimean War are derived partly from vague recollections, partly from the reports of a fellow-passenger who was in the Crimea as a boy and saw the charge of the Light Brigade; he had with him on the *Prinzessin* General Wolseley's "History of the Crimean War," which he was studying as a preparation to his visit. Accordingly he was the ship's expert on the subject. What I record here is a combination of my recollections and his own information as he gave it to us in fragmentary conversation in the

smoking-room and in more continuous form in an informal lecture in the Social Hall one evening.

Once upon a time, say 185—, Russia, on some excuse, I know not what, opened an attack on Turkey, her unconcealed object being to obtain possession of Constantinople, and with it the passage to the Mediterranean. She offered undisputed possession of Egypt to England if England would acquiesce in her purpose. Perhaps England thought she could get undisputed possession of Egypt without Russia's help, as she has since done. At all events, she did not acquiesce; on the contrary, with France she came to Turkey's aid. The Crimea is a Russian peninsula, running out into the Black Sea, with two natural ports—Balaclava, a Lilliputian harbor, the other Sevastopol—pronounced in Russian with the accent on the third syllable, Sevastópol—a harbor of considerable size, well protected by nature. The Crimea was Russia's point of departure and base of supplies. If this could be taken from Russia, her proposed attack on Constantinople would be rendered impossible. The Crimean War was a war waged by France, England, and Turkey to get military control of the Crimea, and especially Sevastopol, and so prevent Russia from advancing on Constantinople. The English took possession

of the tiny landlocked harbor of Balacava on one side of the peninsula, perhaps ten miles from Sevastopol by road and twenty by sea, without opposition. The harbor is quite inadequate for vessels of any considerable size; indeed, what England could do with it except use it as a landing-place for provisions, I do not know. She made no attempt to fortify it, and, so far as I can see, Russia has made no attempt to fortify it even now. She landed her troops, also without opposition, on the Sevastopol side of the peninsula about thirty miles from Sevastopol, and advanced upon the city. At the crossing of the river Alma, about twenty miles from Sevastopol, the battle of Alma took place; the Russians were defeated, and the allies advanced upon Sevastopol. It was ill defended and might easily have been taken by assault, but caution was deemed the better part of valor, and the allies made a circle about Sevastopol and connected their forces with the harbor at Balacava, in and near which their fleet, such as it was, was lying. Here the Russians attacked; here took place the famous Charge of the Light Brigade; here again the Russians were defeated; and again the allies advanced. Midway between Balacava and Sevastopol took place the third battle, that of Inkerman; again the Russians

were defeated, and the road lay open to Sevastopol. But the Russians had used well their time in preparing fortifications, and these made a siege necessary. After a protracted siege an assault was ordered, the English storming one fortification known as the Redan, the French another known as the Malakoff. The defeat of the Russians in the fourth battle necessitated the surrender of Sevastopol and the abandonment of the attempt on Constantinople by Russia, and so ended the Crimean War. England and France should have occupied the Crimea and so prevented Russia's future realization of her purpose. But France was tired of the war, England could not or would not carry it on alone, and so it ended, leaving Russia checked but not checkmated in her march to the Mediterranean, and practically free to disregard her promises to make certain specified ports in the Black Sea free, and I believe also to leave Sevastopol unfortified.

Our Crimean shore experiences, as promised, were to include three days: (1) a visit to the fortifications of Sevastopol and to the harbor of Balaclava; (2) a drive across the peninsula and along its northeastern shore to Yalta; (3) a visit to the summer gardens and summer palace of the Czar near Yalta. We were off the boat and on

the dock by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 16. The square was full of carriages, and the passengers were rushing to and fro to get in. Through some lack of direction or failure by the coachman to understand them, the installment of carriages, eight in number, to which we belonged did not drive to the fortifications, but direct to the village and harbor of Balaclava. The sun was getting down, the air was getting cold, and we were getting weary, so we abandoned the plan to visit the fortifications, getting a *quasi* bird's-eye view from the distance. I think it was no loss to the ladies and no great loss to me, although I had anticipated seeing with interest the fortifications of a siege and an assault in one of the great wars of contemporaneous history, in which at the time I took no little interest. It was, in a small way, like being within a few miles of the battlefield of Gettysburg and failing to see it. But it really did not matter; for the whole topography I could see and understand from a distance.

After a drive of about two hours across an undulating country, we approached over a gentle eminence what appeared like a fresh-water pond—it might, at a guess, be a mile or a little less long, and a quarter or possibly half a mile wide

—but I am not good at estimating distances, and I made no attempt to estimate the size then. The shore of this pond was lined by what looked like the edifices of a summer resort, and it was not until we had fairly drawn up at the door of the inn where we were to lunch, that we assured ourselves that this was Balaclava. The entrance to this land-locked pond was so narrow and winding, and the hills which walled it on either side were so high, that we could discern no exit from it, nor easily convince ourselves that it was really a harbor. I do not think that even a moderately large steamer could have gotten in; I am sure it could not have turned round in the harbor unless it had twin screws. Indeed, while we were there an American steam yacht, the *Wanderer*, entered the harbor. She was not a large boat, and she had to use her twin screw to get round the sharp corners in entering the harbor. This harbor was the scene of one of the tragedies of the Crimean War. Some transports lay inside. Fearing lest the Russians should get command of the neighboring heights and shell them, the boats were ordered into the open sea outside, and, a storm coming up, one of the transports was driven on shore and several hundred soldiers perished.

In one respect we were fortunate in not having

gone to the fortifications of Sevastopol. We had a choice of seats at lunch, and so had not to take our meal, as some did, in an unprotected position outside, where we should certainly have been uncomfortable in the wind and dust. A walk up on to the hill above the town for some of us, a row in the harbor for others, a drive home, taking in a Greek monastery most romantically situated on a shelf of rock overhanging the sea, and including an ancient chapel in a cave which nature and art had combined to fashion in the cliff, where a devout old soul was droning out a prayer or a Scripture lesson in the sing-song tone which for some inexplicable reason is supposed to be the especial vehicle of piety, finished the first day.

Thursday involved a trifle of a drive—fifty-three miles—from Sevastopol to Yalta, in carriages each with three horses harnessed abreast. We started from the dock at about half-past eight, some one hundred and fifty passengers in a long procession, or succession of processions, for each boat-load of passengers started as soon as they had found their places in the waiting carriages. We drove out of the city, over a well-macadamized road through a rolling country, but approaching a range of hills of considerable elevation. We passed a monument which marked the

Battle of Balaclava, guessed as well as we could just where was the charge of the Light Brigade, then descended a long slope, watered our horses, and ascended a long hill, descending it on the other side into a fertile valley only to enter on another long climb, and so down another long descent and into another fertile valley, in the heart of which was a curious Tartar village of one-storied houses, made, I judged, of sun-dried brick, with roofs some of thatch, others of tile. Once we passed what, judging from the children gathered about it, was a school, where, with some dirty and unkempt urchins, were some others well dressed, for whom a coachman was evidently waiting—a, to us, unexpectedly democratic incident in so aristocratic a country. Once we passed the forlornest-looking graveyard I ever saw, so covered with stones that not a blade of grass could grow, and with graves marked by ill-set boards for monuments or not marked at all. At one point some ragged boys ran by the side of our carriages calling for bakhsheesh in the most cheerful tones of voice and with laughing faces, as though beggary were a great joke. As we left this Tartar village we began to climb a third hill, longer and steeper than any which had preceded. The road, though not very wide, was very skil-



fully engineered and as smooth as a floor; but it was the only sign of twentieth-century civilization which we saw. At length, after we had driven for four hours, now ascending, now descending, now looking off for miles from the vantage-ground of some eminence, now dipping into a cultivated valley or shut in by impenetrable woods on either side, but with the general trend of our road upward and every descent less than the ascent which had preceded, we found ourselves approaching simultaneously our luncheon hour and what I suspected, from the character of the rocks and the scanty vegetation, was what the farmers in New England call "the height o' land." At a turn of the road we found the carriages of our predecessors emptied of their passengers and without their horses. Our driver made signs to us to get out. This, then, is the "Gate of Baidar," where our itinerary has told us we are to lunch. Miss —— and I hurry forward to secure places for the party, while the Student and the Matron follow more slowly. Another house, another stable, more carriages, fellow-passengers in groups upon the road and on the rocks, a great archway of stone spanning the roadway, so large that its top constitutes a platform big enough to hold tables for over a hundred to sit down at lunch together, a

score or so of our fellow-passengers already seated there, or getting their seats, through the archway and—

It is impossible to record what I saw. It was so like an impossible vision which might disappear in a moment that I forgot my purpose to secure seats for our party, and turned back to hurry the Student and the Matron forward, lest the picture should vanish before they arrived. We were on the top of a cliff, eighteen hundred or two thousand feet high; above us rose peaks three or four hundred feet higher; below us, at our feet, lay the Black Sea; upon its waters our steamer could be discerned, looking like a launch for size; half-way down the cliff, on a promontory of rock jutting out over the sea, a Greek church; zigzagging down the cliff to this platform, and from it thence along the base of the cliff and about midway between its precipitous wall and the edge of the sea, the road we were to traverse. That picnic lunch will, I think, never be forgotten: on the top of the great stone archway, the peaks above us, the wall of rock extending for miles before us, the sea below us, glimpses here and there of the road which presently we were to follow for twenty-five miles further to our resting-place. The lunch itself, which had been sent out to this mountain

solitude in advance for our coming, amazed us all by the variety of the viands and their appetizing and even luxurious character, where very simple food and plain service might have been expected. Fish with much spiced dressing, fish in jelly, cold meats pressed and jellied, cold chicken, vegetables prepared in ways new to me, cakes and fruit, with bread, butter, and cheese, were given in an abundance which matched even the German appetites. Tea, mineral water, wine and beer were there also to be bought at fair prices, and the supply seemed inexhaustible.

But the drive that followed! Twenty-five miles of Gibraltar—no! of one Gibraltar piled upon another, with a road clinging to the side of the cliff midway between the summit and the sea; and yet this, too, is inexact. Let me try to recall it more accurately—as if that were possible. Perpendicular palisades, from one to two thousand feet in height; piled at their base a mass of rock composed apparently of débris fallen from the cliffs, and extending another thousand feet or so down to the sea; the sea, vast, illimitable, suggestive of boundless space, the only horizon the line where sky and sea meet and melt into each other, indistinguishable, inseparable; then between this sea and these palisades a shore line, sometimes scarcely

less perpendicular than the cliffs above, sometimes sloping gently to the sea at its base, sometimes so narrow that our road seemed to hang over the sea, with no spot below large enough for a tree to find root or a blade of grass to grow, sometimes so broad as to afford a resting-place for terraced gardens and vineyards, or a bit of pasture, or even an occasional village; sometimes naked, grim, desolate, terrible, sometimes fruitful, efflorescent, fragrant; through this scene of desolation and of fertility, of mountain precipice and blue sea, of alternately exquisite beauty and awful grandeur, a road constructed at the foot of a cliff, but far above the edge of the sea, winding in and out in endless curves and up and down in endless undulations to meet, evade, or overcome the difficulties of the way; at intervals the most primitive of villages, with swarthy Tartars looking curiously at us as we passed, sometimes with contemptuous amusement depicted on their faces, sometimes with jeering greetings as we drove by; in many cases the perpendicular face of a precipitous rock constituting the sole back of their houses, which seem as though they were plastered on the rock like the nests of some gigantic and ingenious bird—such were the features, or some of the features, of the most romantic drive I have ever taken or ever

conceived of. It is nearly or quite seven o'clock when we at last turn around the edge of a promontory we have been long approaching and see far down, a thousand feet below us, the lights of a considerable town glittering along the shore and the lights of our steamer in the open sea near by—for there is no harbor; and our driver points with his whip and says, "Yalta," and our tired horses, taking new courage from an instinctive sense that their work is nearly done, begin the long descent on a run, which would terrify us had not our hearts lost the capacity for further sensation. The wind has risen as the sun has gone down; it is growing cold and dark, and we are growing hungry, and the prospect of being on board our yacht and sitting down to her well-equipped dinner cheers our hearts. We do not care how soon we are there. Now we are driving by a long wall, over which we get glimpses of fruit trees in blossom, and occasionally of garden beds and walks; now by a great gateway, with gorgeously gilded double-eagles perched on standards, and again our communicative driver points his whip and says, "Livadia"—the summer garden of the King, which we are to visit tomorrow. Now we are trotting in a long procession along the quay, where the waves from the sea are break-

ing with such force as now and again to send the spray over us—interesting embarking this is going to be, but no matter, we have good officers, all will be safe, and a romantic embarkation will form a fitting culmination to a romantic day. Halt! The carriages fill the street from curb to curb. Others come rolling up behind us. What is this? The hotel? But why do we stop at the hotel? Why do we not drive on to the landing-place? No one who knows can speak English. No one who can speak English can find out. Presently it begins to be rumored that we cannot embark tonight; there is no harbor, and the sea is too high. What shall we do? We will wait a few minutes to see if the rumor be true. Presently the rumor is verified. The Student and I start to look up accommodations. Hotel number one is already taken. Hotel number two is equally full before we reach it. Hotel number three proves to be a lodging-house only, which furnishes rooms, but no meals—a not uncommon type, I believe, in Russia. All the hotel clerks are running about distracted; all the passengers are running about distracted after them. The passengers cannot understand the clerks nor the clerks the passengers. To show that I want a bed I put my head on my hand and shut my eyes; to show that I want two beds I

hold up two fingers. Two roubles? (\$1.08). I nod my head; but also two rooms—and I put my head on my hand twice. Then two fingers are held up twice and something added. I distinguish roubles and something else unintelligible. I nod. I will pay three roubles if necessary, and two roubles and something will be less than three roubles. With some difficulty we make this clear and are taken up to see the rooms. They seem clean but barren, one bed in each, with a mattress, but no bedding. We make it clear that we want another bed in each, take the keys that no one else may get them, and go after the Matron, content to have assurance that she will not have to sit up in a chair or sleep on the floor. Except for one provident couple, there was not, I think, so much as a toothbrush in the entire company. A few persons more energetic than the rest shopped for toilet conveniences and night-garments, but most of us settled down to what we had; for the ladies, hair-pins and side combs answering for their “coiffure,” and chewed match ends for toothbrushes. As to *robes de nuit*, they were not to be thought of.

How the Student, Miss —, and I went out to get some supper for ourselves and some provisions for the Matron, who needed rest even more

than supper; how at the primitive restaurant we had to divide rations for one among two or three, and go ourselves to the room adjoining the kitchen for bread and butter; how the Matron stayed at the lodging house, and by signs made the porter understand that she wanted a fire in the great Russian stove, and got it at last, after much waiting, but could get heat from the big stove only by sitting immediately in front of the open door to the sort of oven in which the wood was burning; how gradually the furnishing for the night was brought in—parts of an iron bedstead at intervals, then, in succession, with waits between, a mattress, bedclothes in installments, water for washing, bottled water for drinking, and, last of all, some towels; how all we could bring her home for her frugal supper was some bread and butter, a little fruit, and some Russian chocolates; how we slept on hard beds, and whenever we wakened heard the noise of the waves dashing up against the sea-wall outside; and how when my bill came in I found I had to pay for light, attendance, bedding, and making up the bed, so that my rooms were four roubles each instead of two, I need not recall here more in detail. This was not an imposition, as I was at first inclined to suppose. We had landed in a



house characteristic of Russia and of Oriental countries, in which the landlord furnishes the room and the bedstead, and leaves the traveler to furnish his own bedclothes, which he ordinarily brings with him.

The next morning the problem how we were to get on board our steamer presented itself. The wind, rattling the shutters and blowing open the French windows of our room, gave us no hope of a quiet sea, and I was not surprised to see the yacht moving up and down—in more ways than one—a half-mile or more from the shore. I succeeded by signs in getting from the landlord of the lodging-house, a glass of tea and some bread and butter for the ladies, and then started out to reconnoiter. At seven o'clock I was at the chief hotel, but no one knew what was to be done, and every new passenger I met had a new rumor to repeat or a new plan to propose. We must ride back to Sevastopol; the horses were exhausted and the drivers would not take us; we must wait here until the sea goes down; we are going to be taken to the steamer in launches, etc., etc. At length it began to be reported, though still no official notice was given, that there was a Russian local steamer inside the breakwater, that we were all to go on board of her, that she was to take us

back to Sevastopol, and that we were to embark on the Prinzessin in the harbor there.

To our surprise, the Russian steamer, though primarily for freight, had very comfortable provision for passengers, and we, with unexpected steadiness, steamed back over the water which we had looked down upon the day before, our "yacht" accompanying us all the way. Although we lost our promised view of the palaces and the splendors they contain, we gained a new view of the marvelous cliffs along which we had driven. We are now at home again on the Prinzessin. Our time on the yacht is growing short, and we began to wonder whether after the exchange to land traveling we shall be as comfortable. But there is a pleasant thought in the idea of longer time in our stopping-places and larger space for manipulating our luggage to compensate for the luxuries we shall leave.

## IX

### ATHENS

April 19

**O**DESSA: our last port in Russia and our last in the Black Sea; after the Crimea and Yalta a decided anticlimax.

I wish we might have had added to the very short time allotted to Athens all that which we spent in going around by the western coast of the Black Sea in order to visit Odessa. But evidently all persons are not of this way of thinking. A fellow-passenger tells me that when he expressed to a friend regret that he was to have only two days at Athens, the friend exclaimed: "Two days! why, man, two hours is enough to see all there is in Athens." Poor man! This recalls a story, told me by another fellow-passenger, of a lady who, returning from an excursion on the Nile, said that she did not see what any one wanted to go to Egypt for; "the hotels were poor, the food was bad, the boats were slow, the water was muddy, and the temples were all in ruins." There are no ruins in Odessa.

It is a thoroughly modern city, with fine docks, broad streets; well-built, commodious-looking modern houses; good restaurants—we tried one; good-looking hotels, though we had no cause to try one; no beggars; good shops—we bought little but did some shopping; no dogs, no dirt, no smells, in all of which respects it is a striking contrast to Constantinople. It is the westernmost commercial city in Russia, I believe, certainly the westernmost port in the Black Sea, and is connected with eastern Europe by an efficient railway system. It interested me because it indicated what sort of a city Constantinople would become in a quarter of a century if Russia owned it. I cannot tell whether I wish she did or not. If she did, she would control the eastern Mediterranean and so the Suez Canal. For the Sea of Marmora would be the natural rendezvous for her fleet, and Great Britain could neither afford to keep a fleet perpetually coaled and ready for action in the Mediterranean nor to leave her highway to the Indies unprotected. “But,” said a fellow-passenger to whom I made this remark, “the neutrality of the Suez Canal is guaranteed by treaty.” True; but Russia has not a habit of observing treaties when it is not to her interest to do so. Moreover, Russia’s treatment of Finland augurs

but ill for the Bulgarians, the Armenians, and the Greeks, if they should once come under her protecting wing. I am glad that it does not devolve upon me to determine whether western Asia and southeastern Europe, with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, shall be under the Greek Cross or under the Crescent. To-night we are sailing for Constantinople, where I believe we are to come to anchor just long enough to leave two passengers and then go on to Athens.

April 23

Athens in a day and a half! We were in Athens at half-past nine yesterday morning; we left it at half-past three this afternoon. In the interim we had visited old Athens, driven through new Athens, visited the Museum, interviewed and taken tea with Dr. Kalopatharkes, a native Protestant preacher, and brought away our impressions, which in my case are at once vague and confused if not contradictory.

Both in Greece and in Italy I am specially interested in the resurrection of the people—for in both I seem to see a new people rising from the graves of the dead past. And in some ways the resurrection of a nation, as one sees it in Italy and Greece, is more interesting than the making

of a nation, as one sees it in America. The contrast between ancient and modern Athens is very striking. Piræus, the harbor of Athens, is a commercial city of considerable size and great activity. The statement made to me in Athens by a native Greek, that Piræus is the second largest commercial port in the Mediterranean, is probably a characteristically Greek overstatement; possibly also his declaration that sometimes there are as many as a hundred steamboats in its port at once; but it is a thriving city, and, when the Greek railroads make their connections with the European system, it will become a port of still greater importance. Athens itself is a beautiful city, with broad avenues, some fine residences, and some notably fine public buildings. One of these, or rather a group of them, the Academy of Science, Polytechnic Institute, etc., is built in imitation of the ancient Greek temples, with the colored marbles and the frescoed friezes; and while it lacks that indefinable something which characterizes the spontaneous and original and is never to be found in a copy, it is a very beautiful group, and is a great help to the imagination in the endeavor to reconstruct the ancient Greek temples from the pathetically beautiful ruins which have survived the erosions of time and the barbarisms

of man. There are other modern characteristics of Athens not so attractive. The ancient Greek was not only an athlete and an artist, but also a great bargainer and a not too scrupulous one. If the new Athenian brings from the dead past, as I think he does, something of the ancient Greek's æsthetic sense, he also brings something of his bargaining spirit. Much more than in Genoa or Tiflis I felt the atmosphere of a community bent on making all it could out of the transient visitor. Our hotel charged us five dollars a day, which was two dollars more than the rates announced in Baedeker, and would have given us second-rate rooms at that but for a demand for something better. The excuse was, "the height of the season." And nowhere else in my European experience have I ever had such an array of servants presenting their claims for fees. At the end of only a thirty hours' sojourn, one porter brought our hand luggage down stairs, two others took a dress-suit case apiece, and a fourth opened the carriage door; and all, to say nothing of waiter, chamber-maid, upstairs man, and head porter, were on hand for remembrance. Guides, cabmen, and peddlers of all sorts were present wherever we went, and I am told that in shopping a double price is the rule, as in Turkey. In short, put the

Parthenon in Saratoga or Long Branch and one would have some conception, though an inaccurate one, of the combination of modern commercialism of a petty kind and ancient art as one sees them in Athens. *Per contra*, there was no gate money.

However, these aspects taken alone give an unfair notion of modern Athens; of its general air of prosperity; of its schools, of its children, of its homes. That the whole of Greece has moved upward and forward with astonishing rapidity since the expulsion of the unspeakable Turk, as has Italy since the overthrow of Bourbonism and the Papal power, that in both countries the revolution has taken away the stone from the mouth of the tomb, and the nation has been summoned forth, although still encumbered by its grave-clothes, is very apparent. One of the most interesting illustrations of this new life was afforded by the so-called "Queen's workshop." It is, as I understand it, a factory organized and patronized by the Queen for the benefit of women and girls of the poorest class, who are engaged here in weaving various fabrics, from woollen carpets to silken scarfs. I am not expert in such matters, but their work seemed to me to be in good taste and thoroughly well done; and the ladies of our party thought the product very



reasonable in price. What struck me as most distinctive was the fact that the power, I believe all the power, was furnished by hand. Two women turning a crank furnished by their muscle the power which moved the loom; and the shuttles were driven back and forth wholly by hand.

The Acropolis we saw under what was at once a great advantage and a great disadvantage. We started to see it by ourselves; fell in with two congenial fellow-passengers who had secured a very good guide—not a human parrot, but a man of intelligence who could understand and answer questions; we accepted their invitation, went with them, and had everything explained to us in a very intelligent manner. This was a great advantage, because we saw a great deal which otherwise we should not have seen, and learned a great deal which otherwise we should not have known. It was a disadvantage, because it made the Acropolis a show place; we could not sit down quietly to the æsthetic enjoyment of what I suppose to be the most beautiful ruins in the world, nor possess ourselves in that quiet of mind which is essential to the work of the imagination and so reconstruct from our fragmentary knowledge the ancient Acropolis, and people it with its

splendid but sensuous life. I did this for myself in the afternoon, when I went out to Mars Hill unaccompanied, and stood there for a while looking across to the Acropolis directly opposite and close at hand, and, forgetting the present, saw before me enacted the historic scene which took place there one afternoon about eighteen centuries and a half ago. Then the temple was unimpaired; the trees were unbroken; the marbles which one must now go to the British Museum to see were in their places; Athens was no longer in its glory, but the priesthood was still powerful, and the pageantry and processions imposing. I saw the long procession winding up the hill and climbing the broad staircase which leads to the most beautiful temple ever erected by man to express his reverence for the gods; I saw the white-robed priest, the attendant boys, the mild-eyed oxen, which Homer has described and which the Greek bas-reliefs portray, led up to the sacrifice; I heard the rude chanting and the murmurs of the spectators; I shared their feeling of awe in the presence of the great mystery of life and death, which at times sobers and solemnizes the most careless of us; and then I saw Paul, alone and unfriended, on the hill over against the Parthenon, despised by the Greeks because he was a Jew, and

despised by the Jews because he was half Greek; a fanatic to the one, a heretic to the other, suspected even by his own church, and setting over against this beautiful temple and this impressive pageantry and this all-powerful priesthood—what? An idea, words, mere words, a breath, a palpitation of the air, audible for a moment—then gone forever. And yet! the pageantry has long since ceased to impress, the priesthood have long ceased to influence, the sacrifices are no longer offered, the music is no longer heard, the temple is only a beautiful ruin—but Paul's speech on Mars Hill, preserved we know not how nor by whom, will live as long as reason vivified by imagination and surcharged with emotion has power to move the mind of man. As I reflected on this contrast, the history of the intervening centuries, which the guide in the morning had skillfully epitomized in a few sentences, came back to me with its lesson. I felt rather than defined even to myself the difference in spirit between Paul and the later religionists who, in the same place, have endeavored to reform religion. The Christians turned the Parthenon into a Christian church, put up an altar, painted on the walls some frescoes of saints—the dim outline is still discernible there—substituted for the pagan

ritual a Christian ritual, and for the pagan creed a Christian creed. The Mohammedans followed; tore down the altar, tore down the cross, effaced the frescoes, knocked the heads off from the images, and put up a tower for their call to prayer. The later Christians came in again, tore down the tower, and effaced as far as they could the signs of the Turkish occupation. Each religionist saw in creed and ritual and altar and image a symbol of a hated religion, and tried to reform it by destroying it and putting another symbol in its place. Paul criticised neither ritual, creed, nor image. He praised the pagans for their religion. "I have come to help you," he said in effect, "to understand better the God you worship but confess you do not know." I never felt so strongly the folly of all this controversy about creeds and rituals and images—the mere symbols of religion; I never felt so strongly the splendid courage of this man standing alone in the midst of all this pagan symbolism and offering absolutely no substitute for it all and no criticism on it all; offering only a thought, an idea, a truth—invisible, impalpable, immaterial, unsymbolical, and therefore eternal.

Returning to the steamer, I was much interested to compare notes with my fellow-passengers,

and see how various are the interests which Athens awakens and how many and different are the points of view of visitors to it. To one the interest was æsthetic—the beauty of the ruins impressed him, the fact that all the lines, even those of the seemingly straight but imperceptibly curved pillars, were lines of beauty; to another the historical associations—here Socrates taught, and Demosthenes spoke, and Æschylus sang, and Phidias wrought; another saw in the splendid ruins a type of the Greek character—they belong to a people who used the same words to designate beauty and goodness, and who sought for the golden mean in philosophy, for self-control in character, and for perfect proportions in architecture; in another, indignation at the vandalism which had destroyed the ancient temple drove out every other emotion—indignation at the mediæval Christians for despoiling the world of a stage and a drama of such beauty, indignation at the Mohammedans for beheading the statues and converting the Parthenon into a powder magazine, indignation at the Venetians for bombarding it, indignation at Lord Elgin for carrying off the frieze to enrich the art treasure of London; another wondered how such a temple could have been reared by a people who knew nothing of our

modern engineering appliances, and reported how the guide told him that mounds of earth were heaped about the pillars and the great stones rolled up and put in place, and then the mound increased and another stone rolled up, and the process still repeated until at last the pillar was surrounded by an embankment nearly as high as itself, which, when the pillar was complete, was carried away again; still another was chiefly interested in the connection of modern with ancient Athens, as, for example, in the fact that the modern water-works of Athens use the aqueduct of the ancient city, built, I believe, centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. To me Athens was of interest chiefly as the point in Europe where the forces between Christianity and paganism first really joined in battle, and then and there commenced that long campaign between sensuous and spiritual religion, between the worship of the symbol and reverence for the invisible reality interpreted by the symbol, between a religion of emotion and a religion of conduct, between the fear of the gods and love for the All-Father, which will not end until the kingdom of God has come on earth as it is in heaven. But I must confess to myself, to use Matthew Arnold's phraseology, that I am a Hebrew, not a Greek; and it

requires a Greek mind to understand and interpret Athens.

We sailed from Athens this afternoon; we are due to arrive at Naples on Friday, the 25th, where we leave the *Prinzessin*. My anticipation of delight in seeing Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice for the first time does not prevent the feeling curiously akin to homesickness at the idea of parting from the ship which has been our home for these six delightful weeks.

## X

### TO THE CITY OF PLAY

April 24

**A** QUIET day at sea; to-morrow we bring our yachting experiences to a close, bid good-by to the Prinzessin, and disembark at Naples for six weeks in Italy. This will be a good time to put down here one or two general impressions concerning this trip, such as belong to no particular date or place. There is certainly a peculiar charm in this way of seeing the world. Our voyage has been so planned that we have generally sailed at night, arrived at our next port in the early morning, have had the day for sightseeing, have had our luncheon on shore, and have returned to the yacht in time to dress for dinner. That ocean travel sometimes grows monotonous for want of topics for conversation every ocean traveler recognizes. But since we entered the Mediterranean there has been no dearth of topics for conversation. We exchange with one another our views and experiences of the preceding shore excursion, get our



neighbor's impression and fasten our own impression on our mind by giving him ours in turn. There is no lack of conversation in the smoking-room, the social hall, on deck, or at the dinner-table.

I am thankful that I was endowed by nature with some sense of humor, for I have gotten a good deal of fun out of what otherwise would have driven me distracted. I have been the treasurer of our little party, and have had to keep account in nine different currencies: American, German, Portuguese, English, Italian, French, Turkish, Russian, and Greek. I hope our purser has also a sense of humor, for it is a part of his business to keep an exchange office for the whole ship's company, which he does with a good nature which nothing can disturb, and a promptitude of reckoning which is a perpetual surprise to me. The library steward, who sells postage-stamps and postal cards, takes with equal facility money from every land under the sun, and hands out the postage-stamp which is called for, quite indifferent whether the coinage offered is of the country which issues the postage-stamp requested. On board the boat I find employment for my leisure hours in reducing my cash account to one coinage, generally French, so as to distribute the

expenditures correctly; but on shore this is more difficult. In Athens I went out in the evening to buy some oranges, inquired the price, had no idea of the meaning of the answer, took two oranges, handed out the smallest coin I had, fully expected to have the vender call for another, and, on the contrary, had him give me back half a dozen or more still smaller coins. I wonder what I really did pay for those oranges! In Italy the currency problem is further complicated by the fact that most of the currency is paper, that gold is at a premium, and that the premium is liable to change every day, so that one can never tell what is the purchasing power of his ten-lire gold piece nor what his ten-lire Italian note will be worth to him if he has one left over when he is ready to leave Italy. There is a postal union; why not a currency union? America, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Greece—I am not sure as to Portugal and Turkey—have a decimal currency; it would require but very little modification in the weight and value of coinage to make them all conform to one standard. The Italian lira and the French franc are now substantially if not exactly equivalent. One would think that the German mark and the American quarter might be changed in weight and value from twenty-five

to twenty cents, so as to be equivalent to the franc, and the Russian rouble from fifty-four cents to fifty—two francs and a half—or, better yet, to forty cents, that is, two francs; with these changes the gold coin of any country would soon circulate freely in any other country, and the silver coinage would go without difficulty in all border towns. I suppose there is no hope that conservative England will ever substitute a decimal currency for her cumbrous pounds, shillings and pence. It is, by the way, a significant fact that American greenbacks are quite generally taken in the larger cities—at least so I am told—at their face value in gold. This was not so formerly. I suppose it is a result of our adoption in America of the gold standard.

The changes in time are almost as interesting and quite as perplexing as the changes in currency. Of course our steamer time changes every day; a sharp blast on the whistle notifies us when it is twelve o'clock, and certain of the passengers set their watches accordingly every day. I have too much respect for my faithful friend to meddle with him to this extent, and I keep my watch unchanged and make my calculations by a mental comparison of my watch with the ship's time. But when we are in port we generally have three

times—ship's time, local time, and railroad time, to which I must in my own case add my own time, which is quite frequently neither. In fact, I kept New York time till we reached Genoa; since then I have kept central Europe railroad time. Without changing my watch I am getting back to that standard again, and expect to find myself quite accurate when we land in Naples. But it is in Turkey that the time problem becomes really complicated, very irritating to him who takes it seriously, very funny to him who enjoys a joke. To begin with, there are four years in Turkey—a Mohammedan civil year, a Mohammedan religious year, a Greek or Eastern year, and a European or Western year. Then in the year there are both lunar months, depending on the changes of the moon, and months which, like ours, are certain artificial proportions of the solar year. Then the varieties of language in Turkey still further complicate the calendars in customary use. I brought away with me a page from the diary which stood on my friend's library table, and which is customarily sold in the Turkish shops to serve the purpose of a calendar; and I got from my friend the meaning of the hieroglyphics, which I record here as well as I can remember them. This page represents one day.

Numbering the compartments in it from left to right, it reads as follows:

1	١٣٢٠	١٣١٨	2
3	٣٠	٣١	4
5	٣٠	٣١	6
7	٣٠	٣١	8
9	٣٠	٣١	10
11	٣٠	٣١	12
13	٣٠	٣١	14
15	٣٠	٣١	16
17	٣٠	٣١	18
19	٣٠	٣١	20
21	٣٠	٣١	22
23	٣٠	٣١	24
25	٣٠	٣١	26
27	٣٠	٣١	28
29	٣٠	٣١	30
31	٣٠	٣١	32

1. March, 1818 (Civil Year).
2. March, 1820 (Religious Year).
3. Thirty-one days (Civil Year).
4. Wednesday.
5. Thirty days (Religious Year).
6. 27 (March : Civil Year).
7. (March : Religious Year).
8. March, Wednesday (Armenian).
9. April, Wednesday (French).
10. March, Wednesday (Greek).
11. Ecclesiastical day (French R. C. Church).
12. March, Wednesday (Russian).
13. Month Day (Hebrew).
14. Month Day (Old Style).
15. Month Day (New Style).
16. Ecclesiastical day (Armenian).
17. Ecclesiastical day (Greek).
18. Midday, 5:35, 1902; Midday, 5:21.

I am not quite clear in my mind now as to the meaning of the last section, but I think it is that noon according to European reckoning is eighteen minutes past five according to Turkish reckoning. For there is in Turkey, added to the complication of year, month, and day, a further complication as to hours. The Turks reckon, not from an artificial or conventional hour, but from sunrise, and their reckoning runs for twenty-four hours. Thus, when the sun rises at 6:30 our noon will be 5:30, Turkish time. The Turkish hours, therefore, change every day. The steamers on the Bosphorus run according to Turkish time, and one must first look in the time-table to see the hour and then calculate from sunrise of the day what time by his European clock the boat will start. My friends in Turkey had apparently gotten used to this complicated calendar, with its variable years and months and the constantly changing hours, and took it as a matter of course.

April 25

My classical knowledge is like the ancient frescoes on remnants of walls Pompeian and others—very dim and very fragmentary. Among the few figures which possess some distinctness is that of Ulysses, and the clearness of his figure is due, not

to any definite memory of college studies, but to recent reading and re-reading of Professor Palmer's translation of the *Odyssey*. When I found that we were to pass between Scylla and Charybdis at daylight this morning, I asked my steward to see that I was called. When I went on deck, the sun had not risen; the shore loomed dark and indistinct on either side in the gray light, and the lights of a town of considerable size shone through the disappearing darkness, witness that its guardians did not think daylight was yet sufficiently advanced to trust to it. There were perhaps half a dozen passengers on deck, and one or two appeared later; I was the only one of our party with sufficient classical enthusiasm to fulfill the purpose of the night before. Here, however, was the young woman doctor, graduate of the Pennsylvania Medical College, and here Miss —, one of the best types, I thought, of English girls, and here, to my surprise, the kindly-hearted cynic who disdained to be interested in anything, and here the retired New York dry-goods merchant, who I had supposed was interested only in the markets, and here the Massachusetts judge, who at seventy had retired from the bench, but was young enough to be up before daylight to see the famous Straits of Messina. I see my half-dozen is an underestimate;

there must have been twice as many. One realized that Homer made full use of his imagination in depicting the feats of Ulysses, but the whirlpool was very evident on the one side, and the rock on which the giant stood when he plucked the sailors out of the boat was plain enough on the other. I could well understand, when I saw how crooked was our channel, the statement made to me by a fellow-passenger, that even now sailing vessels avoid the straits when the winds are uncertain, and the fact that our own steamer lay still an hour or so in the night to avoid passing the straits before daylight.

The day opened dark and lowering, with occasional dashes of rain, and we gave ourselves up to the disappointment of approaching Naples in a rain storm. But after luncheon the clouds broke away, the sun came out, and at two o'clock we found ourselves approaching what is perhaps the most beautiful bay in all this beautiful world, in weather as peaceful as even Italy can give when Italy does her very best. For three hours or thereabouts we were in groups on the forward part of the deck, glasses in hand, looking, enjoying, those to whom all was new getting information and sometimes misinformation from those to whom all was measurably familiar, till our eyes



ached and our heads swam. The long, bold, mountainous promontory; the famous Amalfi Road, plainly to be seen along the cliff even without the glasses; the villages scattered along the water's edge or climbing up steep declivities well toward the top; the island of Capri rising, precipitous, out of the sea; Sorrento charmingly situated on the green slope of the hill, but well above the sea, and saying to us as eloquently as golden silence can speak, Come over here and rest; Vesuvius, the smoke rising up into the clear evening air from her chimneyed summit; Naples in the ever-lessening distance; above us a blue sky, beneath and all about us a blue sea—in the presence of such a scene of beauty as this, all that painting, sculpture, and architecture can do to delight the eye or inspire the heart seems small and tame. If I could have followed my inclination, I would have taken train next morning for Sorrento, found quarters there overlooking the sea, and spent a week wandering over the hills or sitting at the window and simply looking at the scene of beauty.

May 5

Naples is built upon a segment of a great amphitheater. The stage is the blue sea; the scenery is Vesuvius and her companion mountains, with Sorrento at their feet at one side, the promontory of rocks jutting out into the sea on the other side, the island of Capri in the center and rear of the stage; the commercial part of the town occupies the floor or pit of the amphitheater, the residences, shops, and public buildings occupy the tiers of seats which rise in a somewhat precipitous slope from the floor; the Castle of St. Elmo and the Convent of San Martino are at the top, occupying the center of the "gallery of the gods." Our hotel was half-way up the slope; we occupied front rooms; it was an ideal resting-place: to sit here in our window, or stand in our balcony and simply look down on the city below us or off at the stage and the scenery perpetually changing in the ever-changing light, was employment enough for a party somewhat wearied with six weeks of travel and of constant change. One night—the night before we left—Vesuvius lighted her torch for our benefit. What else did we do? Not much. Naples is very interesting, but there is not much of interest in Naples: cathedrals, palaces, picture galleries, museums, are conspicuously absent.

There is one museum which contains by far the best collection of Pompeian remains—frescoes, inscriptions, coins, curios—and a few fine pieces of sculpture, notably the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull—perhaps more than a few; but only a few impressed themselves on me in my short visit and rapid view. There is an Aquarium, I believe the finest in the world. It is sustained by international contributions; the United States shares with other nations in supporting it. I believe it contains only extraordinary specimens of sea life, certainly it contains some that are extraordinary. Among them I recall the wonderfully beautiful collection of coral and coralline forms; the curious fish that plays hide-and-seek, burying itself in the sand and using its flippers to cover itself over and conceal itself from view; the robber crabs carrying the castles of the tenants whom they had driven out, and other crabs in partnership with sea-anemones, which they carry on their back, the two hunting in couples; the winged fish whose fins look like wings and seem to play a similar part in the water to that played by the wings of a bird in the air; the enchanting devil-fish or octopus, who uses all his half-score or so of arms with a supple grace which suggests long practice under a Delsarte teacher, and who,

when he looses his tentacles from the rock and swims straight toward me, as though he were about to enfold me with a dozen arms, as the serpents their victims in the Laocoön, gives me the most delightfully creepy sensation. There is the Corso by the bay, and the band, and the crowd of carriages, and the soldiers in uniform, and the nurses in far more gorgeous uniform, and the babies looking at me out of a cloud of fluffy material indescribable by masculine pen. There is old Naples, with its narrow streets, its unventilated shops, its people cooking, knitting, eating, washing, drying their clothes, in short, conducting all the operations of life, in the street, much as they used to in Pompeii eighteen or nineteen centuries ago; there are the unbitted horses, whose curious headstalls are simply fastened about the nose and who are guided and controlled as by a halter instead of a bit; there are the donkeys, gayly caparisoned, and dragging after them carts swarming with a family party—the Italian peasant's quiver is full of arrows; there are the cows driven through the streets by the Neapolitan milkmen to be milked at the door of the tenement, and the herds of goats driven up three or four flights of stairs to be milked at the doors of the rooms, a guarantee against dilution and adul-

teration: two or three times I have seen a woman from an upper story letting down a mug or pitcher to be filled from the udder of the cow which was standing in the street below; there is a drive on the top of the hill which half environs Naples, a hill hardly wide enough, at points, for the road, with a beautiful panorama of mountain, valley, bay, sea, and island on either side of us; there are winding streets composed of stairs up ascents too steep for a carriage roadway—I counted three hundred steps one day in climbing up to the convent, which is perched on the hill above us; there are donkeys saddled and waiting at the foot to take up the passenger who wishes to ride; there is Pompeii, which surprised me chiefly because everything seems on such a diminutive scale—streets, squares, temples, forum, as though they belonged to a play city for children; and, not least of all, there is always the view from our hotel window of the bay, with Vesuvius and Capri in the background, a view not less beautiful because continually changing with the changes of weather in a very fickle season.

Of all the cities I have yet been in, Naples is the best in which to rest. Its life is the antipodes of strenuous. It seems like a city at play. The people are not idle; they are industrious; but

their industry is like that of the swallows whose play is work and whose work is play. With their unstrenuous spirit and their picturesque costumes goes, naturally enough, an accompaniment of perpetual music. Two boat-loads of singers met our steamer as we came into the bay and sang Italian airs—opera and other—and extemporized a contribution-box by holding an umbrella upside down to catch the coppers thrown to them from the deck. From that day to our leaving, the hours have been filled with music. A street band plays or a street impresario sings before our hotel every evening, and generally there is another—or is it the same?—in the afternoon. There is a band of Italian musicians—young men with guitars, violins, and voices—who come after dinner into the hall of our hotel, where we take our coffee, and who interest us no less by their operatic costumes and their child-like gestures than by their music, which is very good. The motto of the hotel, painted in large letters above the door of this hall, interprets the spirit of Naples: *Sit nox cum sono, sit sine lite dies* (Let the night be with song; let the day be without strife). This music of Naples is not merely professional. The children go singing to their schools; the sound of song mingles in the crowded lanes of old Naples with

the ceaseless rumble and hum of the great city; the first sound we hear in the morning is a duet, or trio, or chorus of workingmen going to their work and singing as they go; the soldiers, as they march by, sing, and keep step to their singing; the very street cries of the peddlers are all musical—a song, a chant, an intonation. This universal song fits in with an air of *bonhomie*, of kindly feeling, of good-fellowship, of sweet contentment, of serene and placid happiness, which seems to pervade the city. All the service at hotel and restaurant and shop has an air of uncommercial spontaneity. The cab-driver easily becomes one's friend if one will but let him be so, and plucks for us some of the flowers by the wayside, which are as abundant as the music. One readily falls into the spirit, and gives the *pour-boire*, not as an added price exacted, but as a sign of good fellowship. One of our party is a trifle ill; the terrible tragedy of a year ago at Naples makes us perhaps over-anxious; the extra service needed is smilingly rendered; and the English doctor whom we summon becomes at once our friend as well as our physician—he is presently going to England to the Coronation, and cordially invites us to call on him there and renew the acquaintance.

So passes the time, until the two or three days I had allotted to Naples have grown to ten, and even now I regret to leave. Its quaint customs and costumes, its artistic shops, its great arcade, to my thinking more imposing than the perhaps more famous one at Milan, its wonderfully beautiful scenic setting, the excellence of its hotel, the dramatic interest of its life, the naïve unreserve of its people, its physical climate, its social atmosphere, its happy-go-lucky spirit, and, above all, its general quality of good comradeship, make the memory of Naples a most attractive one. I forget the brief anxiety; I recall only the enforced rest. I remember that we took our sightseeing very easily; I forget the reason that compelled us to do so. Happy forgetting! It is Monday, May 5th; we have given good-by to the hotel; our baggage has been weighed and paid for and ticketed, and we are in an American Pullman sleeper, a section of which I have secured, and are started for Rome.



## XI

### THE CITY OF CHEAP SPLENDOR

May 5

**I**N Rome at last—the city of contrasts: of Nero and of Marcus Aurelius, of Cicero and of Seneca, of Gregory VII. and of Alexander VI., of the coliseum and of St. Peter's, of palaces and of poverty, of piety and of superstition, of self-sacrifice and of self-indulgence, where Bruno was burnt and where Luther was reborn, theater of the most beastly orgies and of the most splendid religious pageants, the Babylon and the Jerusalem of European history. I believe in air-castles: if I had not dreamed for years of visiting Rome, I never should have reached it. We were welcomed at the station by our old friends Signor and Madame ——. To be in their house is like being at home—a luxury after two months of steamer and hotel life. Our supper we found laid in our room, and a little fire burning in the open stove—for it is strangely cold for April. The day has been full of excitement. The ride from Naples here has been one of

strange beauty. I am weary, but not sleepy. But I want to waste no days in Rome, and, if I am not to waste to-morrow in resting, I must rest to-night. I will stop thinking and go to sleep.

May 6

“When you get to Rome,” said a friend in America, “take a carriage and spend a day in driving about the city. Then take the evening train for Florence; or—unpack your trunks and stay a year.” We have followed the first part of the advice, and driven this afternoon about the city. We cannot unpack our trunks and stay a year, but I have already in my own mind resolved to prolong our stay from two weeks to three, even if we have to sacrifice something of Florence and Venice to do so. We had a driver so intelligent that we dubbed him Cicero, and Madame —— went with us and was our guide and our interpreter.

We drove first through the heart of the city, across the Tiber and up the slope of the Janiculum Hill, which is laid out as a drive and parkway. From one of its eminences we could see the city of Rome beneath us, the Tiber dividing it into two unequal sections; the Seven Hills of Rome discernible even without our glasses, and

so far distinguishable that our driver could point them out to us, although in one case the valley between the neighboring hills has been filled up, either by the process of time, the destructions of war, or the art of man, so that the two hills are no longer separable to the eye, at least at a distance. Upon those hills were clearly discernible, on the Quirinal, the palace of the King ; on the Capitoline, the Museum ; on the Palatine, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars ; on the Aventine, the Dominican Monastery ; on the distant Viminal, the residences of the best families of modern Rome, and almost equidistant, though in another direction, the dome of St. Peter's. Then we drove by a winding road up to the over-elaborate statue of Garibaldi, so constructed, it is said, whether by accident or design I do not know, that all the guns of the group of soldiers are pointing at the Vatican, which, with its pleasure grounds and summer residence for the Pope, is in full view ; then down the hill to St. Peter's, stopping long enough only to get the view of its appearance from the front with the semi-circular cloisters leading up to it, and the fountains playing in the square before it ; then across the Tiber by the famous Castle of St. Angelo, which has witnessed so many dark deeds

of treachery and cruelty, to the Pincian Hill and the adjoining Borghese Gardens—the two together constituting the chief pleasure-ground and popular promenade of Rome; and thence back to our home on the Viminal. We have thus, in an afternoon, driven through the heart of the city and made a circuit perhaps three-quarters of the way about it, and, thanks to our interpreter and to Cicero, have returned with a very good general idea of its topography and the location of its most notable sights.

This is preliminary to visiting it in detail—and studying it? Yes! the temptation is not to be resisted. I lay aside my resolution to do no serious work while I am abroad. I have had nearly two months of rest; for three weeks I will give myself the pleasure of a little study. I wish I could spend three months instead of three weeks here. I should like to get out of my library Mommsen's "History of Rome" to revive my knowledge of its general history, Froude's "Cæsar" to give me a picture of the city in the first century, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" to carry the picture down to the time of Marcus Aurelius, Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" to recall the part it played in the first few centuries of the Christian era, Creighton's "History of the Popes" to

re-read his description of its social and religious condition under the Borgias, Lanciani's "New Tales of Old Rome" to connect all this history with its present topography and remains, and Countess Cesaresco's "Liberation of Italy" to bring before me in brief its most recent political history. Probably this would only whet my appetite for a much more thorough study than would be possible with only these books and only three months to study in.

But when one cannot do what he would, he must be content to do what he can. With the aid of Baedeker and B——'s knowledge of ancient history, which is much fresher than mine, I can at least connect what I see with what little I remember, and jot down here impressions to give life to future studies or definiteness to future reflections. Yes! this is what I will do. I will not attempt to record daily experiences; that I clearly see would be useless. I will record only conclusions. In Rome these pages shall be the posted entries of a ledger, not the daily entries of a journal. For the attempt to preserve here the details of daily observations would be like an attempt to give a photograph of the Forum with all its columns, arches, walls, broken busts, or of a great gallery with its forest of statues and

torsos; in such a picture no feature would be distinguishable, because the plate had ambitiously endeavored to reproduce them all.

May 7

I supplemented yesterday's drive about the city by a walk to-day through the heart of it with Signor ——. One gets a familiarity, a closeness of acquaintance, by a walk, which one cannot get in a carriage. Partly from this drive, partly from the walk, partly from the conversations with my friends who are familiar with Rome in all its phases, I find already my apprehension of Rome systematizing itself even before I have any real knowledge to be systematized. It is very well, I think, to construct the pigeonholes for one's facts before the facts are known, that one may be able to classify them as they come into his possession. B—— says rightly that Rome has no atmosphere. It is essentially a cosmopolitan city—in that respect wholly unlike Naples. Except for the variously uniformed ecclesiastics whom we meet at every turn, there are no curious costumes; except for the ruins which one may happen on everywhere in his walks, Rome might be any Continental city. And yet a little reflection impresses one with the

conviction that this lack of distinction is itself a distinction.

There are three Romes, indistinguishable except by after-reflection, one built upon the other, yet all remaining to bewilder and perplex the observer—ancient or classical Rome, mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome, and modern Rome.

The center and symbol of classical Rome are the Palatine and the Forum, though remains of the ancient capital are scattered in massive ruins about the city and in busts and statues in various states of preservation in the galleries, public and private. The center and symbol of mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome are St. Peter's and the Vatican—perhaps I should say St. Peter's in the Vatican, though one meets with monuments of ecclesiastical Rome in mediæval churches on every corner, many of them containing some picture, statue, relic or mosaic which gives them a value in the eye of the devout, the antiquarian, and perhaps the art-lover. Most of the pictures, too, in the art galleries are by the "old masters," and represent a mediæval or quasi-mediæval type of art. The modern city is more political and educational than commercial. The commercial center is the Corso, a rather narrow street running from one side of the city to one of its centers; the political

symbols are the old Parliament House, the new Palace of Justice—as yet incomplete—and the Departmental buildings, scattered, like those of Washington, about the city; the social symbols are the palaces with their art treasures and their gardens—the palaces somber and almost prison-like without, but ornate and artistic within, generally built with colonnades about an open square or courtyard; the intellectual center and symbol are the two Roman Catholic theological seminaries (one educating for foreign, the other for home, service), the Vatican Library with its invaluable and still insufficiently explored manuscripts, the colleges, whose relation to the seminaries is something analogous to that of the Oxford Colleges to the Oxford University, and the art schools and the art students, the latter to be seen in the various galleries, sketch-book or canvas and easel in hand.

I mean to divide my time unequally between these three cities. My first thought I shall give to ancient Rome; my second to ecclesiastical or Mediæval Rome; as to modern Rome, I will see in it what chance brings to me—I shall have little enough time to divide between the other two.



May 8

To-day being Ascension Day, we went in the afternoon to a vesper service at San Giovanni, which we are told has the best music in Rome. It was extraordinarily beautiful. One soloist in particular thrilled me by his singing; for a long time I could not determine whether the voice was masculine or feminine; it possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities of both a tenor and a soprano. I at length concluded that it was a man's voice, and I have since been told that its possessor is known in Rome as the Pope's angel. I am surprised to learn that St. Peter's is not a cathedral at all; San Giovanni is the cathedral church of Rome, and mass is said here only by the Pope or by his spiritual representative; since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government as the capital of Italy, only by the latter, because, since that occupation, the Pope never leaves the Vatican. There are practically no seats in San Giovanni; the congregation, which relatively to the church was not large, stood clustered about the chancel; and the music was very seriously disturbed by the moving about of companies of sightseers, some with Baedekers and some with breviaries in their hands, and, so far as I could see, the latter no more reverent

than the former, save for a brief bowing or kneeling to the altar when they entered. The general effect was that of a promenade sacred vocal concert. But this was a special day and a special service, and it would not be fair to judge of the general effect of services in the churches of Rome from this one instance.

May 10

I have been three times to see the Forum, and twice to see the Palatine; let me try to set down here some general impressions which have been produced by these visits. They will be like a composite photograph; they will reproduce nothing specific that I have seen, only general impressions; but I can recall specific remains and ruins better by the aid of Lanciani than I can by the aid of my own note-book.

Several days ago B—— took her Baedeker and with a friend explored the Forum without a guide, and by the process fixed in her own mind quite clearly the more impressive features of this confused and heterogeneous mass of ruins. Then I went with her, and with her aid got what I may call the lay of the land. Then we resolved to try an experience with Mr. Reynaud. There are two men who give peripatetic lectures in Rome,—Mr.

Forbes and Mr. Reynaud. They are more than guides, they are less than lecturers. Mr. Reynaud had been recommended to us as both interesting and satisfactory, and so we found him. He meets his audience—from ten to twenty—at the entrance, and walks over the ground selected for the lecture, explaining the ruins as the party come to them, and interpreting their significance by legend and history—not always discriminating between the two. How much of a scholar he is, I do not know, but he is thoroughly familiar with the ground; he has facility of expression, some imagination, a good deal of quiet humor, and, if he sometimes mingles history and legend in his narratives, I should say that this is not because he lacks knowledge, but because he judges that it is not wise to attempt the difficult task of disentangling the two, especially with the limited time at his disposal and the auditors he has to address. In this, I think he is wise; the attempt at disentanglement would probably only perplex his hearers. He follows Lanciani very closely; speaking broadly, it might be said that he gives an epitome of Lanciani as I give here an epitome of his two lectures, so that this is hardly more than an epitome of an epitome, or, to speak more accurately, my impression of his impression of Lanciani's im-

pression. B—— and I, however, had gone over the Forum by ourselves before we went over it with him; we have gone over the Palatine since we went over it with him; and in the evenings I have done a little reading in Lanciani, borrowed for the purpose. These general observations—they cannot be called studies—have left on my mind a very vague impression of details, but a very vivid impression of certain general features of Roman life, which I here attempt to preserve, that it may not utterly fade away.

The Palatine is a conically shaped hill, though irregular in form, the top of which has been somewhat and I judge considerably, extended by substructures built up from below. On the top of the hill the Cæsars built in succession three or four great palaces; three I recall—those of Caligula (or Little Boots, to translate his nickname literally), Augustus, and the Flavian Emperors. Of the former, little more than some of the substructure is left, unless it is still existent but buried beneath the gardens of the Farnese laid out here in the Middle Ages. The site of the second is still occupied by a nunnery, which, according to Mr. Reynaud, is to be removed when the remaining nuns have “gone to glory.” Enough of the walls of the Flavian palace remain to give one a

tolerable conception of this enormous structure, with its throne-room or palace of justice, its general gathering-room or courtyard, its dining-hall, its lecture-hall, etc. One curious feature was the *vomitorium*, a little room adjoining the dining-hall to which a guest retreated when he had eaten all that he could hold and tickled his throat with a straw to compel himself to throw up his dinner that he might begin again. If D'Artagnan's servant had been familiar with the *vomitorium*, he would not have said with a sigh, "Eat as much as you please; you can eat but one dinner at a time." Adjoining this palace are the ruins of what is called the Stadium, which may have been either a place for public games or a kind of inclosed garden, or, perhaps, a spot which served both purposes; the ruins of a small house which Mr. Reynaud wishes to believe was the veritable house of Romulus, founder of Rome, but of which nothing more can be said than that it probably belongs to the period *before* the Roman Republic, *i. e.*, I believe the seventh or eighth century before Christ; the house of the mother of Nero, which is in a remarkable state of preservation; and—below and partly under the hill—the ruins of a house and school for the imperial slaves. On one side of this Palatine hill in the valley below was the Circus

Maximus, the great chariot-race course, where the people gathered for their favorite sport; on the opposite side was the Sacred Way—which was an avenue bordered by shops, temples, a great Court House, the Senate House, and the Forum, or gathering-place of the people, where they debated, bargained, talked politics, heard the news and the gossip, listened to public speeches, and were occasionally inflamed to impetuous and unrestrained passion. This valley is crowded with ruined walls, pillars, arches, and pavements. Along a third side of the hill ran a road connecting the Forum with the Circus; along the fourth side the broad highway along which victorious generals passed in their triumphal processions, when they returned to be received with divine honors in the Forum, by the applauding crowds. On the opposite side of this last avenue was the Coliseum, built after the death of Nero, and constituting the most gigantic amphitheater for amusement that the world has ever seen. In another direction, but adjoining the Forum Romanum, were more temples, court houses, and fora, of which little is now left, except the Column of Trajan.

B—— and I stood upon the Palatine, and looked down upon the Forum Romanum. The

history of the past passes in a straight weird phantasmagoria before me: Romulus and Remus laying out the boundary-lines of the future city; Virginius seizing a knife from the nearest butcher's shop and plunging it into the heart of his daughter to save her from shame; Castor and Pollux bringing the news of the victory of the Romans which saved their city from destruction and them from servitude; Cicero impaling Catiline with sharpened invectives, which pierce him like the spear-heads of a Roman cohort; Cæsar stabbed by the conspirators, and Marc Antony firing the populace to furious wrath against the assassins; Paul pleading the cause of religious liberty before Nero, winning his cause at the first trial only to lose it ten years later, so effectually that religious liberty was never again known in the city till reëstablished by Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in 1870; Titus marching along the Sacred Way, leading in triumph the priests of Jerusalem with the silver trumpets, the golden candlesticks, and the table of shew-bread, afterward engraved upon the Arch where they may still be seen; Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and their bones gathered up with sacred care to be buried in the still existing catacombs outside the city walls; Constantine celebrating his victory

over his rival Maxentius—a victory which ended in the overthrow of the pagan religion, the substitution of a paganized Christianity in its place, and the abandonment of Rome and the substitution of Constantinople as the world's capital; and then the curtain falls on the classical period of Rome, on its barbaric strength and moral weakness, its pagan splendor and theatrical taste, its patrician wealth and its plebeian poverty.

These ruins seem to me to be symbols of its transient greatness. There are a few solid and substantial marble pillars; but most of the structures were made of concrete, brick, or cheap soft stone, veneered with marble. Their beauty was borrowed from Greece and was superficial; their structures were their own, and were cheap and perishable. I am impressed by this difference between the glory of Greek architecture as one sees it in the Acropolis and that of Rome as one sees it in the Forum. The temples of Greece were creations of beauty, constructed to express the Greeks' love of the beautiful; the Roman temples were artifices of display, constructed to celebrate the maker; the first were the natural expression of art-genius, the others were constructed to win admiration for their builders. In Athens are the Temples to Theseus, to winged Victory, to Jupiter,



to Athena ; in the Forum, Temples of Faustina, of Julius Cæsar, of Castor and Pollux. The ruins of Greece retain their beauty in their ruin ; the ruins of Rome are big rather than beautiful, and are impressive rather for their pathetic decrepitude than for their immortal charm. This suggestion of the difference between Greece and Rome, which I derive neither from Mr. Reynaud, nor from Lanciani, but from B——, has been more and more impressed on me at every new visit to the Forum and the Palatine, and it has been still further reinforced by our visits to the galleries of Rome, where are gathered almost innumerable relics of a past age. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful, but they are for the most part Greek in their conception if not in their execution ; this is preëminently true of the collections in the Museum on the Capitoline Hill and in the Museum in the Baths of Diocletian.

I am aware that this generalization, like most generalizations, is too broad to be wholly true. The Coliseum impressed us even more by the beauty of its great curves and the harmony of its arches, rising tier above tier, than by its size ; the pillars which remain of Castor and Pollux rival in their beauty any we saw in Greece ; and there are two little pillars in the Forum, I forget to what

they belong, that are solid marble and exquisite in their form and their proportions. Despite these and perhaps some other exceptions, as the two elaborately carved columns, one to Trajan, one to Marcus Aurelius, with the incongruous statues of St. Peter on the one and St. Paul on the other, which some Pope with more church pride than classical taste has put upon the top of them, the moral decay of Rome is pathetically symbolized in its ruins. They leave on me an impression that the golden age of Rome might more appropriately be called the gold-plate age of Rome; that its glory was the glory of the *nouveau riche*; that its splendor was as shallow and meretricious in its quality as it was egotistical in the spirit which inspired it.

## XII

### THE CITY OF RELIGIOUS ETIQUETTE

May 12

**T**HIS is the third time I have been in St. Peter's to-day. Mass was being said in one of the chapels, which was crowded to and beyond the doors, so that my companions made no attempt to enter. But I had long anticipated joining in such a service with fellow worshipers of the Christ whom we both love and endeavor loyally to follow; for I thought that the spiritual atmosphere of this ancient church would deepen my reverence for God and broaden my fellowship with my fellow-men. I have joined gladly and heartily in the silent services of Friends, in the emotional services of Methodists, in the historic and orderly services of the Episcopalians, in the simple and unornate ritual of Congregationalists and in one with as much spiritual help as in another. And I had looked forward to a special impulse from a service in St. Peter's, though conducted in a ritual I could not understand; for understanding is not necessary to fel-

lowship in worship. I easily and quietly worked my way in a few moments through the outer row of mere sightseers with their Baedekers in hand and got into the inner circle of the pious pilgrims. So long as I looked at them I could realize and share in their service, though it did not seem like a very deep or enduring feeling; but when I looked away from them to the priests, I could discern no reverence at all. There were three or four officials at the altar, attended by their acolytes; the seats in the chapel were all occupied by ecclesiastics of various degrees, from two or three cardinals, designated by their red caps, to simple priests. During parts of the service they responded together in a sing-song tone to the sing-song tones of the officiating priest; at other times they were reading in the devotional book as though they were taking this time to go through certain pages prescribed by their rules; or were looking about the chapel with a gaze as devoid of any appearance of spiritual interests as that of the Baedeker sightseers. In general, their appearance betokened, not hypocrisy, but pure formalism; and their ceremonial performance to have about the same relation to piety that court etiquette does to love. There were two or three priests whose faces were

expressive of intellectual, or spiritual life, or both, though I recall only one, which was so at all eminently; but in general, they were stolidly inexpressive, while a few were distinctively gross and sensual-looking. There were no seats in the chapel except for the priests; the worshipers stood or knelt; the music was fairly good, but not extraordinary. I mean to come to another service on some Sunday, when perhaps there will be more worshipers and fewer sightseers, and I can come early and get from the beginning into the spirit of the service.

St. Peter's itself disappoints me. Why? Its approach is imposing; so would be its interior, if the authorities had not interfered with the simple design of its great architect. But they have done what they could to spoil its sublimity by despoiling it of its simplicity. The massive pillars are ornamented with what I suppose to be winged cherubs, and they suggest classical cupids, and they are draped from top to bottom with hideous red hangings put up, I believe, to celebrate some church festival, I know not what; even the statues of heroic size at the far corners of the dome attempt to be impressive only by being big. There is but one piece of statuary in the church that impresses me as really artistic—the monu-

ment to Clement XIII by Canova, on the right-hand side of the church. Even the Pietà of Michael Angelo, with the Christ held in the lap of Mary, does not seem worthy of the great sculptor. There is only one point where the effect on the imagination is what Michael Angelo meant it should be; it is obtained by standing under the dome and looking directly up into it. Then the cupids and the red trouserings of the pillars disappear, and even Bernini's statues are lost to sight, and there is an impression of immensity which I can compare to nothing but to that which sometimes overcomes one in looking up to the starlit dome above him on a clear night.

May 14

I have been looking over Symonds's life of Michael Angelo, and I confess myself glad to find that my own impression respecting what are St. Peter's characteristically impressive features is confirmed by what he says. "St. Peter's," he says, "is vast without being really great, magnificent without touching the heart, proudly but not harmoniously ordered. The one redeeming feature in the structure is the cupola; and that is the one thing which Michael Angelo bequeathed to the intelligence of his successor. The curve which it

describes finds no phrase of language to express its grace. It is neither ellipse, nor parabola, nor section of a circle, but an inspiration of the creator's fancy. It outsoars in vital force, in elegance of form, the dome of the Pantheon, and the dome of Brunelleschi (at Florence), upon which it is actually modeled." And Symonds quotes an unnamed English critic as saying that "internally the sublime concave of this immense dome is the one redeeming feature of St. Peter's." This is stronger language than I should use; St. Peter's seems to me to be not without grandeur, though perplexing to the observer for its lack of harmony.

May 16

I have now spent three mornings in the Vatican galleries; one of them in the gallery of sculpture, one in the Sistine Chapel and adjoining apartments, and one in the picture gallery. It would be useless to attempt to record here impressions in detail; I have underlined in my Baedeker special sculptures and special pictures and frescoes, and this will serve to supplement my diary. I am impressed with the generosity of the Vatican in throwing open all its treasures to the public. There is a moderate charge for admission to the gallery of sculpture, but the picture gallery, the

Sistine chapel, and the apartments are free. It is not easy for one who is born and bred a Protestant and a Puritan to define exactly what is the relation between these galleries of art and the functions of the Church; perhaps this zeal to define everything with exactitude is a mistaken one. But I am sure that it is impossible to estimate the effect on the human race of throwing open to the whole world these art treasures. It is true that a considerable number of those who go to these galleries really see nothing, and there are those who use them merely as a convenient place to meet and gossip with friends; but I am inclined to believe that the proportion of interested observers to indifferent sightseers in the Vatican is quite as great as the proportion of serious worshipers to indifferent sightseers in St. Peter's. Yesterday morning we fell in with a very courteous attendant in the Borgian apartments who spoke French, and, finding us interested, gave us a good deal of information not in the guide-books. He pointed out to us two portraits of the same face—Lucretia Borgia; in the one case she was presented as a fine lady in her court robes; in the adjoining fresco she was made to do duty as Saint Somebody—I forget who. It struck me as a curious illustration of the relation, or rather lack of rela-



tion, between ethics and religion in the Middle Ages that Lucretia Borgia should have been selected by a court painter to serve as a saint, and this on the walls of the palace of the Holy Father. Today I have been sitting for half an hour before Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration; it is the only picture a distinct remembrance of which I have brought away with me from the Vatican picture gallery. The critics, I believe, say that a picture ought not to tell a story, and if that is so they are quite right in criticizing this picture. It does tell a story, and tells it with wonderful effectiveness. I have never before realized so perfectly how utterly inadequate a photograph is to reproduce a really great picture; for a really great picture I must think the Transfiguration to be, despite the critics, and despite the fact that what it represents never could have occurred — as Raphael represents it.

May 18

I have been again to service in St. Peter's; this time on Sunday and in ample season, so that there was nothing in our entrance to disturb the devotional feeling. I am sorry to record a repetition of the disappointment experienced at the previous services at San Giovanni and St.

Peter's. There was the same air of indifference in the priests, the same mechanical formalism in the service. At one point in the service my companion detected a priest making signs to two fellow-priests to join him at supper after the service was over.

*Show*

May 20

I have now visited half a dozen or more of the churches in Rome and have attended four services, and the impression is always the same; it may be expressed by the one word formalism. Comparing the ruins of ancient Rome with the religious services of modern Rome, the first are the remains of a civilization long since departed, the second of forms of a life that still exists, though there is no longer a reason for its existence or an enthusiasm which it expresses; in the Forum one finds the bones of the dead and is inclined to moralize over them as Hamlet does over the skull of Yorick; St. Peter's or San Giovanni remind the Protestant of an old man living on long after he has lost the inclination, if not the power, to think or act in the present.

Dr. Kennedy, the head of the American College, tells me that all the text-books in Rome are in Latin, and practically all the lectures are given

in Latin. The student, therefore, before he can take advantage of the theological courses in Rome, must be familiar with Latin as a means of communication. Why? For two reasons: First, these students come from all over the world—America, England, France, Germany, Greece, etc.—and they have one language in which they all do their studying. The language is one both as a symbol of the unity of the church and as a means for its preservation. Second, the language is a *dead* language; it does not change; therefore the dogmas expressed in it do not change. The same dogmas are taught as in the fourteenth century, because they are taught in precisely the same linguistic forms. Dr. Kennedy's explanation makes it clear that there is a definite, and it must be added a skilfully devised and well-adapted, endeavor to continue the thought of the Middle Ages unchanged and unadapted to changing conditions either of time, race, or country. This petrification extends to everything in the Roman Church as one sees it in Rome. The churches, and there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five, are nearly all mediæval, and when one goes into a modern church he wishes that were mediæval also, for it is but a poor copy of mediævalism. The Churches are generally patterned

after the old pagan temples; in some cases the pagan temple has been converted, with no great change, into a Christian church. I am inclined to think the Pantheon the most impressive church interior in Rome, and the addition of the unattractive altar and the movable choir gallery are, I believe, the only material changes made in it since it was used for the worship of all the gods. I know too little about the Roman ritual to be certain, but I judge that many of its features are borrowed from the pagan ritual which it at once modified and supplanted, and that substantially it repeats what had been repeated here for some centuries before the Christian era. In all the churches which I have visited the congregations are small; there are few or no seats; the congregations are spectators who stand and look on; even the devout pilgrims are quite apt to bow, to kneel, to join with silent moving lips for ten minutes, and then go about the church or cathedral with their guide, much as a Cook party might do. Of devout-appearing laymen, or rather laywomen, there are not a few—though they are the exception; but I have scarcely seen one priest who appeared to me as though to him the service was the expression of any real devotion.

For my knowledge of the public sentiment

in Italy toward the Church, and toward religion as it is expressed in the churches, I am dependent on others, of course; but the result of my inquiries in various directions, including some loyal ecclesiastics, is the impression that the prevalent feeling, at least in the cities of Italy, is one of entire indifference, grading off at the one extreme to bitter hostility, and in the other to what I would call a traditional respect. I cannot find out that the Church is doing much for the people. I do not learn of specific philanthropic work like that of the Paulist Fathers in New York, though my opportunities for inquiry have not been many. In general, however, the churches appear to have been built and to be operated for the supposed glory of God, not at all for the benefit of men—except as offering sacrifice for their sins is for their benefit. There is practically no preaching done except during Lent; the churches do not exist for the instruction of the people, or the instruction is remitted almost wholly to the confessional, where it is furnished in private. I am told of a humorous survival of mediævalism in Florence. Bread is no longer distributed by monks at the gates of the churches to the poor; modern philanthropy has learned a better way of caring for the poor. So at

one of the Florentine churches food is distributed every noon at the door to the stray cats of the city. The incident is slight, but it illustrates the perpetuation of a custom as a habit after the reason which called it into existence has entirely disappeared. In short, there is about the same relation between the ceremonies of the Roman Church in Rome and mediæval piety that there is between the occasional attempted reproduction in modern times of ancient tournaments or races, and the old spirit of chivalry out of which they grew. The genuineness of the antique is gone, and only its form, sometimes only the travesty of its form, remains.

Sometimes faith and frolic are strangely intermingled. I went to the sacred staircase the other day where Luther heard the voice proclaiming, "The just shall live by faith," and from which he fled to become the leader of a great revolt against this ceremonialism. Some devout pilgrims were going up on their knees, and repeating at every step a prayer; but others were going up on their knees in unmistakably pure fun, and with their laughter ill oppressed. In lieu of a serious faith there is sometimes substituted a credulity which is to me quite incomprehensible. Mr. Reynaud told us in the Forum the other day the legend of

Peter and Simon Magus; how the two engaged in a conflict in Rome, how Simon Magus challenged Peter to a flying-match, and Peter accepted the challenge; how, while Simon Magus attempted flight, Peter kneeling on the stone, prayed that the magician might fail, and the magician fell, broke both his legs, and died. "And," continued Mr. Reynaud with a smile, "the stones with the impress of Peter's knees are still preserved in yonder church"—to which he pointed—"and are shown to the faithful." I went in the other day to the Church of St. Peter in Vinculo, which has Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. I had long wanted to see it; no photograph does or can give one any adequate conception of it; it is an embodiment in marble of the majesty of authority. As we sat looking at it and letting the sense of the dignity and worth of divine law grow into our souls, a priest passed us with keys in hand and two visitors accompanying him. He lighted two candles before a kind of cupboard or closet, as a token of reverence, and showed to the tourists or pilgrims—perhaps pilgrim tourists, of whom one sees many in this city—the identical chains with which Peter was bound while a prisoner in Rome. In the Santa Maria Supra Minerva is Michael Angelo's statue of Christ.

Ecclesiasticism has put a bronze garment about his loins and a bronze shoe on the one foot which was being worn away by the kisses of fervent pilgrims. A more grotesque effect it would be hard for a caricaturist to contrive.

But it is useless to multiply illustrations. At every step one of a modern spirit is impressed with the anachronism of mediæval forms bereft of the mediæval spirit which gave them dignity, and often marred by modern taste or want of it, producing incongruities which would be ludicrous were they not pathetic. I do not wonder that Luther was made a Protestant by coming to Rome; I rather wonder that any thoughtful man can escape the same result.



## XIII

### THE CITY OF PROGRESS

May 22

**W**E went this morning to see a review of Italian troops in the open ground on the other side of the Tiber. In some ways Italy is more democratic than America. In New York there would have been provision at such a review for carriages, or else there would have been a stand erected on which one might, for a consideration, get seats. Not so here. Our carriage was stopped three or four blocks from the grounds where the review took place, and we had to walk the rest of the way and take our chance with the pedestrians. There was a woman who had chairs to rent, but we could see nothing if we sat down, and the chairs were valuable only because we could stand up on them and look over the heads of the people. The only carriages allowed in the place were those which brought the Court party from the Quirinal. The variety of uniforms furnished a fine color effect, and the cavalry exhibited some

fine mounts; but the marching was not so good as we would have seen in the crack regiments of New York, and the cavalry line, as it galloped past us, was decidedly broken. We had a good view of the King. He sits his horse well and is a fine-looking man. My Italian companion says of him that he hates the show which court etiquette imposes on him, and every now and again runs away from the guard which, after the assassination of his father, is supposed to be necessary to his protection.

The occasion for this review was the visit of the Shah of Persia, which also furnished an incident curiously illustrating a political condition which it would be impossible to maintain in the United States; it could not survive the satirists. Ever since the Italian Government has occupied Rome as its capital, the Pope has confined himself to the Vatican, including the park which adjoins St. Peter's, which is all that is left of the Papal domains. These he never leaves, on the theory that to do so would be to render him subject to the civil power of Italy. The Roman Catholic countries, France, Spain, Austria—I do not know about Germany—send two ambassadors to Italy, one to the Papal court, one to the Italian court. The Vatican is the palace of the one, the Quirinal

of the other. The Pope will receive no guest who comes from the Quirinal, much as, in a country town, Mrs. A., after a social quarrel with Mrs. B., is "not at home" to Mrs. B. nor to any one who comes from Mrs. B.'s house. The Shah was a visitor at the Quirinal; was prepared to pay his respects to the Pope; was informed that if he desired to be received he must go from the quarters of some ambassador to the Vatican; replied that he would go from the embassy of his own country or not at all, and left Rome without calling on the Pope. The papers say that he was deluged with telegrams and letters from all over Italy thanking him for his course. So far as I can judge from inquiry, most of the Italians are in their religious affiliations, if not in their religious convictions, Roman Catholics, but only a small minority are Papists. Every Italian is compelled to choose between loyalty to the kingdom of Italy and loyalty to the Pope; the most of the men in the towns choose the former. I do not know about the women, nor about the rural populations. I am inclined to think that if I lived in Italy I should vote for the maintenance of a large standing army, because the three years' service in the camp is, next to the school system, the most efficient method of developing loyalty to

the Government and counteracting the influence of the clerical party, who are avowedly in favor of overthrowing the Government and restoring Rome and the former Papal States to the Papacy.

May 24

We had a very interesting experience to-day. By the kindness of Dr. Kennedy, of the American Roman Catholic Theological College, and Bishop Gorman, of the United States, we were taken into the Vatican gardens. These gardens are really a park of considerable extent, and constitute, with St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace, the remnant of the Papal territory where the Pope is the supreme authority. They are laid out with great taste, with walks and lawns and flowers and fruit trees and fountains, but are, very properly, not open to the public. Indeed, I believe that admission to them is rather difficult to obtain. We happily obtained even more. For in walking about the grounds we presently came upon a house, neither large nor ornate, which we were told was the Pope's summer retreat. Here he comes sometimes to spend a night, sometimes a week in quasi-retirement. After some little delay, we were admitted and conducted over it, rather to

the surprise of Dr. Kennedy, who had not anticipated obtaining this privilege for us. We went out on to a large balcony or platform, where we had a fine view of Rome and the surrounding hills. Then we were taken rapidly through the apartments—a reception-room, its ceiling crowned with a dome representing the blue vault of the heavens, with the constellations indicated on it by gilt stars, each constellation having appropriately sized electric light or group of lights, so that at night it furnished a sort of miniature facsimile of the heavens; the oratory, a completely furnished chapel, but not larger than a moderate-sized bedroom; the throne or audience room, with a plain armchair of that prescribed type which is used by the Pope on all official occasions, and a beautifully inlaid desk, a present to him by I forget what royal donor; and, not least interesting, his bedroom and dining-room, both in one. The dining-table was hardly larger than an ordinary dressing-table, and could not well have served as a dining-table for more than one. “Where does the Pope eat,” I asked innocently enough, “when he has company?” “He never has company at table,” was the reply; “he always eats alone.” “Always?” I asked; “are there no official functions at which he eats with others?” “Rarely,”

was the reply, "and then never at the same table with any other person, always at a table by himself."

And to this the Pope is condemned by the requirements of his position. Set apart from the rest of mankind, without wife or children or anything which most of us call a home, without society, or the familiarities of equal friendship, or variety of life, or enjoyments of travel, confined by the policy of his Church—how far he is personally responsible for that policy I do not know—to one palace and its park; eating, sleeping, living, generally worshipping, in isolation—this is the price he must pay for the honor of being the head of the most influential organization in the world, and the privilege of rendering to mankind what doubtless he accounts the highest service which God permits any of his children to render to their fellow-men. It is a costly purchase; yet, if I could believe as he does, I should also believe with him that it was worth the price.

May 25

To-morrow we leave Rome, and I know nothing about the modern city. I had meant to attend a meeting of Parliament, which is in session, but I have had no time. I cannot compare the Rome of

to-day with that of twenty-five years ago, except as the accounts of other travelers give a basis for the comparison. Taking that as a basis, the contrast is startling. The city is as clean as Paris or Vienna, and much cleaner than Naples, London, or New York; the health of the city, as indicated by its death-rate, is equal to that of any European city of equal size; the Pontine marshes are drained, and the Roman fever has well-nigh disappeared, though those who live on the Campagna protect themselves from the pestilential mosquitos by gloves for their hands, wire masks for their faces, and nettings for the doors and windows of their houses—alas! no chain armor has yet been invented which is proof against the less pestilential but not less irritating fleas; the water is excellent, the water supply abundant, and the fountains are a feature of the city which I wish some man of wealth would introduce into New York City; the cab service is cheap and the cabmen obliging—the warnings I had received against extortion have not been justified by my experience. I decided on arrival that when I could not afford a franc for a cab I would walk or ride in a street-car; and as a franc was a trifle over the legal tariff, and the cabmen on the neighboring stand soon learned my custom, I

found myself hailed by three or four men at once when I came within their sight, and was always well served. The cost of living is greater than at Naples, but not great for a capital; the owners of private picture galleries open them to the public with a generosity which has no parallel in any city in America, and in them are to be found some of the very finest works of the older artists. Of modern art I have seen but little, I might say, nothing, save for a visit to the studio of one of our fellow-countrymen, Mr. Ezekiel, whose "Jefferson," now erected in the public square at Louisville, and whose "Dead Christ" in Paris, copies of both of which he showed us, impressed me as remarkable alike in originality of conception and sincerity of feeling.

The Italian people impress me as religious in temperament, and yet, by reason of circumstances, without a religion. Their patriotism and their piety are at war, and unhappy is the lot of any people of whom that is true. I cannot but believe that this is the fault of the Church rather than of the State. "The Italians," said a Waldensian clergyman to me, "with few exceptions, either fear God or do not believe in him." This seems to me too epigrammatic to be true, and yet to veil a truth beneath the epigram.



They have lost their faith in the old forms; they have found no new forms through which to express their faith. They are no longer Romanists; they certainly are not Protestants—they cannot be; their temperament demands a richer, warmer, less intellectual, more emotional, more sensuous symbolism than Protestantism affords. They are without great leaders; for in politics Cavour, and in religion Gavazzi, have left no successor. And yet the people are moving upward and forward, though without leaders and without programme, to a higher form of life than any that Italy has ever known, even in the best days of her past.

## XIV

### PICTURES IN FLORENCE

May 28

**W**E arrived at Florence Monday afternoon. Yesterday and today I have spent in the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, which are really one gallery—at least one can pass from one to the other through a long, covered passage-way across the Arno, one gallery being on one bank, the other on the other bank. I have brought away with me only a confused mass of impressions which it is impossible for me to analyze or disentangle. I could not see the pictures for their multitude. Florence is to me more confusing than Rome; perhaps because the interest of Rome is historical and I have studied history, and the interest of Florence is artistic and I have not studied art. I suppose if each picture were hung in a single line there would be, literally, something like a score of miles of them: hung as they are, close together and one row above another, there must be several miles. I wandered through a part of

the rooms, stopping to look at special pictures, which, for any reason, impressed me; but each picture has expelled its predecessor from my mind or overlaid it, producing a confused impression like that of two photographs on the same film. Then I must confess to myself—I should hardly dare to confess it to any one else—that the uniformity of the themes treated by the various artists wearied me. There was a continual succession of Gospel scenes—the Nativity, the Madonna and Child, the Holy Family, Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, over and over again. To B—— they were Giotto's and Bellini's and Titian's and Raphael's; each was noteworthy principally, not as the interpretation of a theme, but as the interpretation of a master. So she saw infinite variety of treatment, while I was oppressed with the monotony of the subjects. I longed for a simple landscape by Corot, or a soldier by Meissonier, or a group of cattle by Rosa Bonheur, or a dog by Landseer, or even a moralizing picture by Hogarth, or a parabolic one by Watts. If I were to hear the Messiah Monday night, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass Tuesday night, and Haydn's Creation Wednesday night, and Bach's Passion Music Thursday night, and Palestrina's—what did Palestrina

write?—Friday night, by Saturday night I am sure I should want a comic chorus from Sullivan or a waltz from Strauss. If one is a fairly quick observer and a moderately rapid walker, he can see the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries in two days; but unless he is an artist he cannot see the pictures in either gallery, or, indeed, scarcely any of them, in two days; for that he ought to have at least two weeks.

May 29

I have had a long talk with an art critic whom I have met at our pension. I could not in the least give her my point of view—that of a mere casual spectator of pictures who is ignorant of art—and I am not sure that I got hers; but at least I classified my own ideas in the endeavor to give them to her. They were foggy before; I will try to fasten them here while they remain clearly defined.

Art appears to me to be one method of giving outward expression to an inward life; philosophy is another method; literature a third; music a fourth, and so on. The expert is always interested in the manner in which that life is expressed. If he is a musician, he knows the motifs in the opera, recognizes the fugue in the oratorio,

delights in the interweaving of the melodies in the canon; if he is a *littérateur*, he discerns the structure of the novel, perceives the artistic development of the oration, delights in the rhythmical pulse-beats of the poem; if he is a logician, the process by which the philosopher reaches the conclusion interests him, and he rejoices in the strength of the links in the argument as an iron-worker might in those of a chain; if he is an artist, what impresses him is the composition, the tone, the color-harmony, and these are equally a delight to him whether the picture is a landscape, or a portrait, or a crucifixion. But the non-expert does not see, or cares little, for these elements; what interests him is the life expressed, not the method of the expression.

The other day in Rome, B—— and I were standing before Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Presently a friend came up and began to explain its parabolic meaning, and I was very glad to get the explanation and to learn that the picture was misnamed, that it should rather be called "Juvenile and Mature Love"; but B—— moved away. For this meaning of the picture, in which I was chiefly interested, she did not care, and explanation was an intrusion and a disturbance in her enjoyment of the purely artistic

qualities of the painting. No doubt the logic of the philosopher, the rhetoric of the writer, the harmonic skill of the composer, the color skill of the painter, are necessary to produce the effect on the inexpert mind, but they are not what the inexpert mind sees. There are two Madonnas in the Pitti Gallery by Raphael—the Granduca Madonna and the Madonna of the Chair. The former appealed most strongly to B——, the latter to me. I could see, after B—— pointed it out to me, that the colors were not so harmoniously blended in the Madonna of the Chair as in other pictures in the same gallery—the Magdalen of Titian, for example; but five minutes were all I wanted before the Magdalen, while I came back again and again to the Madonna of the Chair; because, as I stood before this picture, the purity of the mother's face, and her protecting arm, and the trustful repose of the child encircled by it, inspired in me a reverence for motherhood such as no philosopher could have inspired by his argument, nor novelist by his story, nor preacher by his sermon, nor even musician and poet combined by their song.

This quality in a picture is what I believe the art critics call "feeling." I think most of us who are not art critics judge pictures by their "feel-

ing." To both the picture brings a message; but the messages are different: to the art critic it speaks of beauty in form and color; to the layman, through beauty of form and color it speaks of something else. If its only message is beauty in form and color, it does not speak to him at all.

May 29

The Italians have queer ways of celebrating their religious festivals. Today is *Corpus Christi*, a day which emphasizes the adoration of the body of Christ in the consecrated host. It was celebrated last night by a fine display of fireworks from one of the bridges over the Arno. To-day the celebration was continued by a spectacular representation, in one of the public squares of the city, of the ancient chariot races. The chariots were made in the similitude of the Roman chariots, with one important variation—they were four-wheeled—so that practically all danger of an upset was eliminated. They raced three abreast, and the horses were put on the dead run. The sight was interesting and theatrically exciting, but not so exciting as similar chariot races that I have seen in Barnum's show. Barnum engaged in celebrating *Corpus Christi*: to a New England Congregationalist this seemed

a trifle incongruous. It was, however, a great occasion and very popular. Seats were erected all around the square, and the scene was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The arrangements as to tickets and seats were admirable.

June 2

To-morrow we go to Venice. I have not kept up this diary—why? Perhaps because we have been in a pension and it has involved some social duties—or should I call them pleasures?—I will say pleasurable duty. Perhaps because I had few distinct impressions to record. Perhaps I have been too busy in sightseeing and too wearied by it to write down my reflections, or even to reflect at all. I have written nothing concerning San Marco, with its frescoes by Fra Angelico, and its cell of Savonarola; nothing of the Duomo and the deservedly famous Baptistry Gates; nothing of the Piazza Signoria, where Savonarola was burnt; nothing of our drive up on to one of the hills adjoining Florence, and of the wonderful view from its top; nothing of our visit to Pisa, and the beauty as well as the strangeness of its Leaning Tower—its strangeness I expected, but its beauty was a surprise to me; nothing of the extraordinary frescoes on the wall of Pisa's Campo Santo—



especially that grotesquely materialistic one of the "Last Judgment." It was interesting to note that even in that olden time the artist depicted a priest or two as sent down to be burnt by theatrical-looking demons in hell. Florence even more than Rome needs time. One must be "in residence" to get its educational effects. It is one of the most interesting of cities to visit; it is one of the least satisfactory to "do."

June 3

We have stopped at Bologna for the night on our road to Venice, and have gotten into the most interesting hotel I have yet seen. The dinner is served in an open courtyard around which the hotel—an old palace, I believe—is built. To-night while we were eating our dinner we were rather startled by seeing a coach and pair drive into our dining-room and a gentleman alight; he had come to the hotel to dine. It is this sort of thing which makes foreign travel always interesting; though I might not like such an interruption as a regular feature of the dinner hour. To-morrow we shall have an hour to drive about the city before taking the train for Venice.

June 4

Venice! It did not seem so strange to get into a gondola with our baggage piled up in front and be rowed to our hotel from the railroad station as it did to meet what I might call drays and carts of all descriptions on the water; for example, a boat labeled "American Express Company" and loaded with express packages of all sorts. This is not, then, a dream city; it is a real one, where modern business is actually carried on. When we reached the Hotel de Rome, we were all made righteously indignant. I had written that week to ask if the hotel could give us rooms on the Grand Canal; had received reply that it could; and had written by return mail engaging them. When I got to the hotel and got my party in the hall and my baggage on the piazza and my gondolier was paid and dismissed, the manager, with smiling face, remarked that he could not give me rooms on the Canal, but could give me rooms just as good facing on the garden. "You wrote me," I said, "that you could give me rooms on the Canal." "What would you have me do?" he replied, with a deprecatory gesture; "would you have me turn my guests out of their rooms?" "I would have you not write me that you can give me what you cannot give

me," was my rejoinder. I was glad to find that the ladies preferred to submit to inconvenience rather than imposition. I left the Matron and the baggage on the hotel piazza and jumped into another gondola to search for another hotel. Fortunately we found very satisfactory accommodations next door at the Hotel de Milan, all the more satisfactory for us because some dear friends of ours were also stopping there. I have since seen some acquaintances of ours who were at the Hotel de Rome who were treated in much the same fashion as ourselves, but remained and submitted rather than take the trouble to hunt up rooms elsewhere. I suppose as long as travelers submit to be thus imposed upon there will continue to be hotel managers who will impose upon them. We have certainly fallen on our feet in coming to the Hotel de Milan. It is small, but very well managed. Our rooms look out on the Grand Canal, and all its ceaseless life is continuously before our eyes; our friends have rooms just above us; there is a pretty little garden about which the hotel is built; the food is excellent; we five have a table to ourselves in the dining-room, and a practical monopoly of a terrace or piazza, with the garden on one side and the Grand Canal on the other, where our after-

dinner coffee is served, for no one else seems to have discovered it. I am not going to be a student as at Rome, nor a sightseer as at Florence; I revert to my original attitude of a Careless Traveler, and consecrate my days in Venice to idleness.

## XV

### LEISURE IN VENICE

June 6

**W**E have hired a gondola for the week. Giovanni is not so young as he once was, and other gondolas sometimes pass us, though once to-day a young fellow undertook to go by us, and Giovanni at the right moment shot by him, got the inside track, and turned the corner into the Canal to which we were both bound ahead of him. Last night, as we were taking our after-dinner coffee on the terrace overlooking the Grand Canal, a boat-load of musicians, perhaps a dozen in number, men and women, with guitar, mandolin, and violin, rowed up to the piazza of our hotel, moored there, and began an Italian song. It was a pleasant accompaniment to the after-dinner coffee, and was well worth the franc I dropped into the hat of the treasurer when he came around for a collection. Later the boat moved out into the middle of the Grand Canal; three other boats moved out from the hotels into

neighboring positions; all were illumined with Chinese lanterns; all were provided with ten or fifteen players and singers; and the different groups sang simultaneously different music. It was a very pretty sight—the latern-lighted boats, the private gondolas with their lights, some of them grouped around one of these floating orchestras, others gliding back and forth between them; and the orchestras fortunately far enough away from the hotel to make the discords of their unharmonizing choruses not disagreeable. They were still singing at eleven o'clock at night, and then the discords became more noticeable, and were not altogether conducive to sleep.

June 7

There are in Venice no such art galleries as the Uffizi or the Pitti. There are fine collections—though not so large—in the Doge's Palace and the Academy, and almost every church in Venice has some fine pictures, which one does not want to miss. Perhaps it is because I am not so distracted by the multiplicity of pictures in this city as in Florence, perhaps because the Venetian painters are the greater colorists, perhaps because before I came here I had been to Florence and had made there a beginning of looking at pic-

tures, perhaps because I read on my way here Berenson's "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," perhaps because here I have been more passive than I was either at Rome or Florence, neither a student as at Rome, nor a sightseer as at Florence—perhaps it is for all these reasons combined that art in Venice has been more interesting to me than it was in Florence. I am inclined to think that the last reason has a great deal to do with it; that a certain wise passivity is necessary to get the best benefit from either music or painting. We have spent a morning in the Academy, and have visited half a dozen or more of the churches; we have yet to see the pictures in the Doge's Palace. I distinctly dislike the representations of the crucifixion which I have seen in Italy, with two exceptions. There is a picture by Guido Reni in one of the churches in Rome, which portrays the single figure, the head upturned, and the expression one of spiritual, not physical, anguish; one can almost hear from the parted lips the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is a sculptured representation by Donatello in the Santa Croce in Florence, in which the aspect is one of dignity, not of anguish, and Christ is seen conqueror over death, not conquered by it. But,

with these exceptions, the artists seem to me to have endeavored to make the tragedy as tragic as possible, with the purpose of awakening a pity for the Divine Sufferer; and I cannot look at them without recalling his warning words, "Weep not for me." Christ never should be the object of our compassion; and it is a false art, as it is a false rhetoric, which would make him so. The particular picture which suggests this reflection to me now is Tintoretto's Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco. In character, conception, and interpretation, as a purely spectacular scene, it is a wonderful picture; but it is simply impossible for me to regard the Crucifixion from any other than the religious point of view. On the other hand, there are some wonderful pictures of scenes in the legendary life of the Virgin with which I have no such difficulty. Such are the Assumption of the Virgin and the Presentation of the Virgin, both by Titian, in the Academy—the former is the more famous picture, the latter appealed to me more. Why? I think it is because pictures appeal to me more as interpretations of life than as interpretations of beauty. The Assumption of the Virgin is a wonderful piece of coloring—but that is all; in the Presentation of the Virgin she is going up the



Temple steps to the High Priest, who is waiting at the top to receive her, and in the groups at the foot of the steps every variety of human experience—that of pure indifference, idle curiosity, admiration of her beauty, affectionate interest in her person, conventional regard for the ceremony, devout spiritual participation in it—is portrayed in the faces and attitudes by the artist. I suppose that my interest in the painting is not artistic, but dramatic—essentially identical with my interest in a drama or a story.

June 7

Before coming here the Matron and I read Marion Crawford's "Marietta," and it inspired us with a desire to see Murano. Yesterday we were rowed over there by Giovanni, and to-day he got an assistant and together they rowed us over to Torcello and Burano. The former island is about a mile and a half from Venice, the two latter about six miles. Murano is the center of the glass industry, Burano of the lace industry; Torcello is chiefly interesting as the site of a very old church erected in the seventh century, rebuilt in the ninth, and partly in the eleventh. I believe that nothing has been done since to it except to keep it in repair. It might well be, from its

general aspect, the oldest church in use that I have ever seen. The lace-work was very interesting because, like the Queen's Workshop in Athens, the shop we visited was supported in part by the Queen, and afforded an interesting illustration of a very practical industrial work conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, for the teachers are Sisters and the Queen is a very devout member of the Roman Church. I am no judge of lace, but the ladies of our party, who are, decide that the best Venetian lace we saw does not equal the best of Brussels in quality. I think all the glass-factories of Murano could be put in the glass-factory at Corning and leave room to spare. Moreover, it did not seem to me that any glass I saw in Venice—and we went through one of the best show-rooms—compared with the best glass work of the United States.

June 9

We spent yesterday in the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Church. The interior of the latter is Oriental in its splendid coloring; and yet—or should I say for this very reason?—its atmosphere is not to me conducive to devotion. Perhaps that is because I am Northern and Anglo-Saxon and Protestant and Puritan. To me, at

all events, there is a certain solemnity in the Gothic cathedral which I do not find in any of the Italian churches. St. Mark's is marvelously beautiful; I can think of nothing I have ever seen with which I can even compare it; but to my imagination it is not a church. In the Doge's Palace I got from one picture—Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne—better than from any other picture I have seen, an idea of the purely artistic interest in art. It was not interpretative; I do not care a jot for the story it tells; the legend is very dim in my mind, and the picture does not make me care to recall the legend; but I found myself coming back again and again to this picture, charmed by the beauty of color and by the ærial lightness of the figures. Perhaps with study I might become an art-lover after all. There are two other pictures which have attracted me in the same way: a Bellini Madonna and the Pisano Madonna of Titian in the Church of the Frari. Neither of them appealed to me at all as did Raphael's Madonna of the Chair at Florence; there was no vision of either motherhood or womanhood afforded by either. I could not escape a certain feeling of the incongruity of the Pisano Madonna, in which the Madonna seems to be painted as an excuse for the portraits of mem-

bers of the Pisano family who are adoring her. It was in both cases the simple beauty of the pictures, not their meaning, not anything which they told, not any interpretation of life which they afforded, not even any emotion of humanity or of reverence which they awakened, that attracted me. Quite as much as the pictures in the Doge's Palace, I was interested in the revelation the palace afforded of the strange contrasts of the olden time. On one story the Ducal apartments—reception - room, ball - room, bedroom, dining-room; underneath, the dungeons where prisoners were confined; above, in an upper story, a torture-chamber, from which the shrieks of the tortured might at any time issue to mingle with the mirth of the meal or the music of the ball. That at least would be impossible in this "age of skepticism."

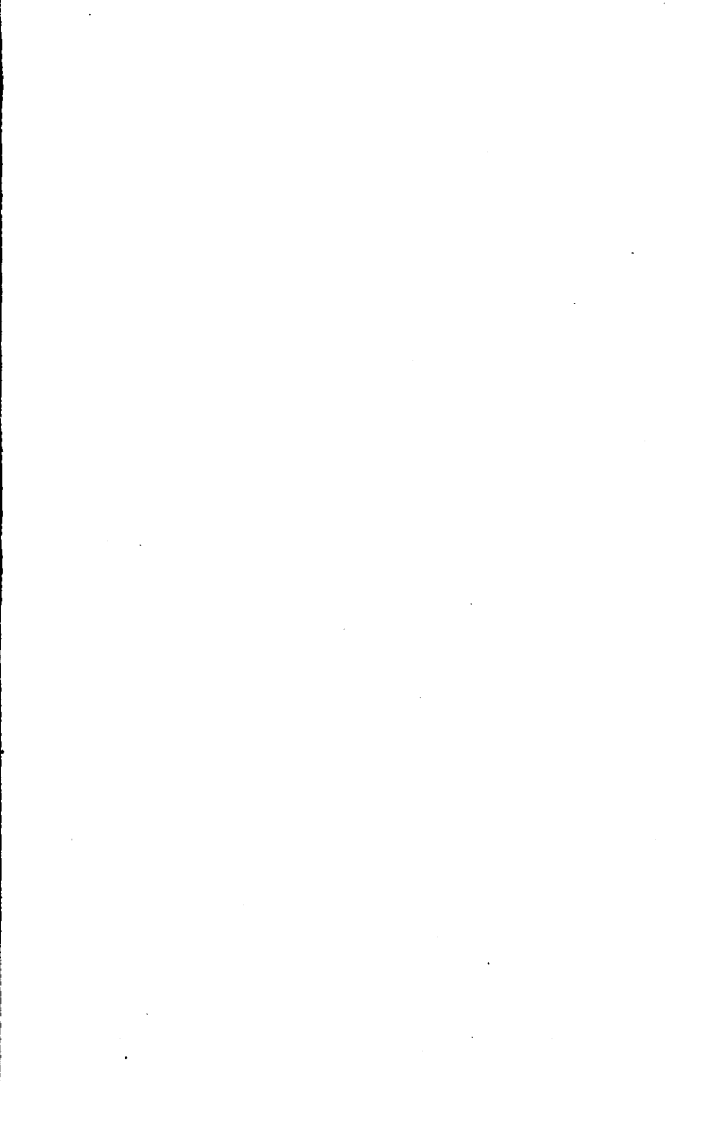
June 12

To-morrow morning we leave Venice and Italy. The impression which Venice has left on my mind is, I suppose, identical with that left on the mind of every other visitor. It may be best expressed by the Italian phrase *dolce far niente*. Our mental attitude is one of passivity; our life one of luxurious idleness. Venice is the only city I have

ever seen which promotes meditation; *per contra*, I hardly think it would be possible for me to do any serious work here. It is a land of the Lotus-eaters; strenuous life becomes impossible; cares disappear; problems cease to interest. There is none of the dirt which the street traffic of a great city necessarily brings with it; there is none of the roar the of distant wheels and the rattle of the nearer ones, which are the last things you hear as you fall asleep at night and the first you hear when you awake in the morning in Paris or London or New York. Save for the inharmonious quartette of floating orchestras near our hotel in the evenings, Venice is the quietest of quiet places; quieter than the country, for there is no lowing of cattle, nor barking of dogs, nor crowing of cocks, nor even singing of birds. The only sound to be heard is the swash of the water on our hotel piazza and the occasional voices of passing gondoliers. There is no activity of commerce or manufacture to impress upon you, by its contrast, your own idleness; the only apparent industry of Venice is taking care of the tourists. We rise late, take a leisurely breakfast, by ten o'clock are in our gondola and are gliding along the Grand Canal, or in and out through some of the tortuous smaller canals

which intersect it. The only sound we hear is the ripple of the water as the long oar is plied in it, or the call of Giovanni, "*Sa stai, sa premi, pongo eh,*" as he comes to some turn in the canal, to give notice to any boatman coming in the opposite direction. Presently we get out and go into a church to look at some famous picture. It is quiet; perhaps there is not another sightseer in the church; there is certainly no such concourse of them as in the great picture-galleries. Then we go out, re-embark, perhaps lie at half-length on a cushioned floor and resume our gliding softly, quietly, by almost imperceptible motion through the water again; by picturesque palaces; by other gondolas as leisurely in their movements as ourselves. We eat, we sleep, we sail, we look at a picture or two, we sail again. It is the perfection of pleasurable idleness, with nothing to suggest duty, nothing to call us to activity. And yet, withal, there is in the atmosphere a pathos, indefinable, inexpressible, unescapable. The city is not merely old, it is decrepit. Once Mistress of the Mediterranean, there is no longer any political life here; once the chief commercial city of Europe, there is hardly a shred of commerce here; once a city of palaces, they are now crumbling to decay. One would not be surprised to

awaken any morning to learn that one of these palaces had slipped from its foundations into the canal which borders it. It is the one city I have seen in Italy where there is absolutely no sign of the new Italy. Milan is essentially a modern city. In Genoa are seen old and new Italy in contrast, but the new is unmistakably at once supplanting and revivifying the old. Naples, despite its play-day atmosphere, is characterized by a nineteenth-century industry. Rome, despite its mediæval garments, has in its veins the blood of lusty youth. Florence is the repository of an art which is serenely superior to time; and its edifices, old as many of them are, show no signs of decay. But Venice is only a shadow of its former self; pathetically beautiful; the memory of a city, without a future, without a present, with only a past; for this reason best of all cities for a busy man's brief holiday; for this reason last of all cities for an active man's permanent residence.





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